

# 23

# The Critic

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### Literature

#### "Launcelot and Guenevere" \*

FOR A YOUNG poet to enter the lists with a drama whose subject is taken from the Arthurian legends is for him to expose himself to a generous amount of criticism that is likely to be of an ungenerous kind. The reader of Mr. Richard Hovey's 'Launcelot and Guenevere' is sure to read the story as told in one of the 'Idylls of the King,' and will be apt to feel that the dramatist did not choose wisely, or to accuse him of overestimating his poetical ability. To judge from the contents of this volume, Mr. Hovey seems to be a serious-minded young man with a gift of writing verse, and verse, too, of a higher and statelier order than is usually found in the work of a new writer. One gets this impression while reading the dedication in this volume, which is an ambitious and sustained composition. Another impression, received at the same time, is one to which we have already alluded—namely, the writer's overestimate of his powers and his tendency to celebrate the first person singular. It is right that Mr. Hovey should take himself seriously; but it would have been better, we think, if he could have made himself appear more modestly in such noble company as Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and others of like renown. The one thing that mars this otherwise admirable and worthy poem is the author's vanity. 'The Quest of Merlin' contains several pleasing lyric passages, but as a whole it seems to be rather a heterogeneous mixture of the poet's outfit. In other words, it seems to have been too much for Mr. Hovey. Yet, if the result be unsatisfactory, one must not withhold praise from the young author for making the attempt, and for the occasional charming verses, such as this song of the Sylphs:—

The fleet wind's footing  
Is light on the roses.  
Wherever he goes is  
The lilt of his luting,  
Sweet, sweet.  
  
The little green apples  
He sways and swings.  
The leaves are a-quiver,  
Touched by his wings.  
The cheek of the river  
Dimples and dapples,—  
Sweet, sweet.  
  
The light mist-wreathing  
Is drifted and thinned.  
The lark flies flinging  
His song on the wind.  
The wind with his singing  
Mingles its breathing,—  
Sweet, sweet.  
  
There is no one wisteth  
The way that it goeth.  
The wind bloweth  
Whither it listeth,—  
Sweet, sweet.

It is in the drama itself that Mr. Hovey does best; and that best is very good indeed. To say that it is imitative

\* *Launcelot and Guenevere*. By Richard Hovey. \$1.25. United States Book Co.

is not intentionally to disparage the work in any way. It is well constructed, written in a dignified style, the characters are clearly drawn and the plot is systematically developed; and it shows that the author has a good deal of dramatic talent. There are few writers nowadays who are venturesome enough to attack a drama of so much importance as this 'Marriage of Guenevere'; and if Mr. Hovey, having made a successful beginning, will follow it up by the kind of work which this beginning seems to promise, he will be fairly entitled to an honorable place among our modern playwright-poets. As it is, we congratulate him.

#### Max Müller's "Anthropological Religion, etc." \*

PROF. MAX MÜLLER, in his series of Gifford Lectures (1), divides his general subject of Natural Religion into three branches, Physical Religion, Anthropological Religion and Psychological Religion. By Physical Religion he understands 'the discovery of the Infinite in nature, traced from its first poor beginnings to its culminating point, the belief in One God, as manifested in the whole of nature.' His volume on this subject, which appeared last year, was duly noticed in our columns. The second branch comprehends 'the history of the various attempts at discovering something infinite and divine in man or mankind, beginning with the first surmises of the existence of something different from the body, and culminating in a belief in the divine Sonship of man, the true key-note of the religion of Christ.' For this branch he considers that the proper title would perhaps have been *Anthropic Religion*. But he prefers, if possible, to avoid the forming of new words; and he has therefore adopted his present title, only 'guarding against the supposition that Anthropological Religion is in any way more closely connected with what is now called Anthropology—the Science of Man and Civilization, as Dr. Tylor defines it, —than the other branches of Natural Religion.' The third branch, or Psychological Religion, which 'deals with the true nature of the soul or the self,' is to form the subject of the next volume of the series.

In the author's opinion the fatal mistake which has vitiated the researches of many writers who have treated on the origin of natural religion is the attempt to trace all religions back to one source. Some have found this source in fetishism, the worship of natural objects; others in totemism, a variety of fetishism, originating in the worship of certain animals supposed to be ancestors of families and tribes; others in the worship of human ancestors; and still others in mere hallucination. He reviews these various theories, showing their insufficiency, and the modicum of truth which each contains. He dwells especially on ancestor worship, which an authority so distinguished as Herbert Spencer has pronounced to be 'the root of every religion.' Prof. Müller acknowledges the great importance of this cause as an explanation of the existence of certain divinities, but he has no difficulty in showing that the explanation itself requires to be explained by reference to an earlier cause. A barbarous people must believe in something divine before they can suppose that their ancestors have become deities. Ancestor worship, in his opinion, presupposes nature-worship, or, more correctly, a worship of the gods of nature.

But nature worship, or Physical Religion, was incomplete. Though it might lead, and did in fact lead, to the conception of gods, and in the end to that of the God, 'the one infinite Agent, still called by the old names, but purified from all material dross,' it did not account for the belief in 'what forms the necessary counterpart of God in every religion, namely, the human soul, or whatever name has been given to the infinite, and therefore the immortal, element in man.' The present work is devoted to showing how the

\* 1. *Anthropological Religion*: The Gifford Lectures Delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1891. By F. Max Müller. \$3. Longmans, Green & Co. 2. *Max Müller and the Science of Language*. A Criticism. By William Dwight Whitney. D. Appleton & Co.

idea of the human soul originated. The author holds that this idea, if not innate, was at least inevitable, and resulted necessarily from the spectacle of death. The sight of an active and breathing man suddenly changed to a motionless corpse suggests that something different from the corpse had departed from it, and was still living elsewhere. That the conviction, whether logical or not, was natural, is shown by the fact that it was universal. It appears everywhere, among all communities, from the lowest to the highest. Where its existence has been denied by some travelers, as among the Tasmanians and certain African tribes, further inquiries have clearly established it. Strange to say, it appears to have been faintest among the early Hebrews; but Prof. Müller finds in the Old Testament evidence sufficient to satisfy him that it existed among them from the earliest times. It was left, however, to Christ to disclose clearly the element of 'the Divine in man,' a discovery which 'has imparted a new glory to the face of the whole world,' and which 'involves a complete change in the spiritual condition of mankind.' The terms in which the author discusses this subject, coupled with his disbelief in miracles, and this disbelief combined with a rejection of the Darwinian doctrine of the development of man from a lower form, will doubtless lead to abundance of that style of scholarly controversy in which he delights. As he has in general the happy faculty which Darwin possessed of carrying on such discussions without personal bitterness, the reader, whatever may be his own views, can always find interest and pleasure in perusing them.

The only notable exception to this rule of good-natured discussion in Prof. Müller's case is that of which a reminder comes in a recent publication of Prof. Whitney's, on 'Max Müller and the Science of Language' (2) The author styles it 'a criticism,' but it is criticism of the captious and personal fashion which is now out of date. It revives an obsolete controversy in a manner which can be of no possible advantage to the writer or to anyone else. A journal devoted to 'polite literature' cannot be expected to review an alteration which is as far removed as possible from that category, and which, in his present publication, Prof. Whitney declares to have turned on points too 'utterly trifling' to be worthy of the attention of an international tribunal of professors, such as Prof. Max Müller, with much fairness, had proposed. Any students of linguistic science who may be sufficiently interested in the subject to desire to read both sides will find that of the distinguished Anglo-German philologist set forth at considerable length, and with his usual vigor, in the fourth volume of his well-known 'Chips from a German Workshop.' If they are, like ourselves, admirers of the unquestioned ability and learning of the eminent Yale professor, they will see reason to regret that he has been led to recall an unseemly dispute, based on admittedly trivial grounds, and now degenerating into puerile personalities. Their regret will be heightened when they find that the preface of the revised edition of the very work which is now so severely assailed contains a highly complimentary reference to two of the best-known publications of the assailant—a reference which is evidently intended as a tender of the olive branch. The savage reply to this courteous demonstration bears too much the character of firing on a flag of truce.

#### An Ancient Oriental Diary \*

THE 'TOSA NIKI' is one of the famous classics of Japan, and dates from the year 935 A.D. The author, Kino Tsurayuki, a Kioto nobleman, sent out by the Mikado to be governor of the province, veils his personality by writing in the style employed exclusively by women. This, however, is rather to the credit of the Japanese ladies of a millennium or so ago, as most of the classic literature of the Mikado's empire is the work of women. One fatal and exasperating de-

fect of the Japanese, as glaringly shown in their literature, is their lack of genius. Pretty much everything delightful—to a native—one will find in their poems, stories and dramas, except the indescribable thing called genius. So much of their writing and book-work is mere erudition, or pure transfer of Chinese and European thought, that to find a bit of ancient light literature by a male author is delightful. Miss Harris has made a very good, certainly a successful, translation of this ancient classic into English, under the title of the 'Log of a Japanese Journey from the Province of Tosa to the Capital.' The excellent native illustrations are by Toshio Aoki, and the unpaged booklet is mounted in Japanese fashion. Exceedingly simple in style, but full of local color and snatches of poetry, the little book gives a good picture of life in Japan, when cranes and pine-trees and tortoises and the old couple of Takasago, who preside over weddings, were young. Strictly speaking, Miss Harris's work is not a translation so much as an adaptation and condensation. Still, there is enough of direct reproduction of idiom and stanzas of poetry to give a very good idea of this prose idyl and classic of travel. All honor to old Tsurayuki, who wrote his own tongue when the Japanese—as they still do too much—used stilted Chinese instead of their honest and beautiful vernacular. We hope Miss Harris will favor us with another mirror of ancient Japanese life, which shall show faithfully this people in their wonderful combination of matter of fact with aesthetics. For Japanese 'true inwardness,' one such booklet is worth a score of globe-trotters' volumes.

#### "American Slang Dictionary" \*

DICTIONARIES of slang often serve a highly useful purpose. The slang of this generation becomes the classic speech of the next. History mirrors itself in slang: a curved mirror, to be sure, often repeating and reproducing distorted features, like the face in a spoon; but the essential lines and outlines are there, and from them historians can gather the photograph of the age. Our standard dictionaries are treasure-houses of sanctioned blunders, of slang from which the offensiveness has faded, of washed-out and colorless words once full of the sap and juice of the life from which they sprang. Slang indeed is one of the most serious and abundant sources of language-enrichment. It is the immediate product of the people, the street, the household, the newspaper, the periodical journal, whose columns are a sort of phonograph registering automatically all the vagrant speech of the day. At first outcast, pariah, Gipsy, slang asserts itself in the end and resigns Bohemianism to utter its *civis Romanus sum*, and sits down with kings.

It would be a curious and profitable study to examine our great dictionaries in the light of slang and ascertain how much of our solemn and reverend speech is due to this humble source. The cant and slang of defunct philosophies and sciences, theology and invention, learning and art would emerge from their early disreputable surroundings and shock their present respectability into a grin. Chaucer, Piers Plowman, Shakespeare are full of slang; and slang is the affluent occasion of the enormous development of definition in which several of our recent great dictionaries, English, French and German, indulge. Skeat has observed that many of our cant terms have come from the Dutch. Special dictionaries have been constructed to aid the reader in wading through the mire of Zola and the Nude School of French romance. The dictionary before us must prove useful to the Englishman and to the Continental in understanding American journalism. It is a supplement to Schele de Vere, Bartlett, Hotten, Grose, Egan, and others, far from complete indeed, not immaculate in its accuracy, but racy, full and pointed, well-printed and modest in its request to critics for help. 'All hollow' ('to beat one all hollow') is wrongly

\* Log of a Japanese Journey. Translated by Flora Best Harris. Meadville, Penn.: Flood & Vincent.

\* American Slang Dictionary \$5. By James Maitland. Chicago: R. J. Kittridge & Co.

put down as an Americanism. It is used by Tom Hood. 'Ax' (ask) is put down as a cockneyism, without reference to its universal use among Southern negroes and its immemorial use in Anglo-Saxon and Middle English times. Chaucer uses it. Richard Grant White, not Dr. Holmes, said that 'gents' were only fit to wear 'pants' (p. 23). *Banquette* (side-walk) is a New Orleansism, not 'used in the South only' (p. 25). (This charming town would require a special dictionary of its own for its picturesque Creolisms of every species,—cookery, customs, locality, etc. See Lafcadio Hearn, *Cable, et al.*) *Bin* is put down (p. 33) as 'the old English form of been,' etc. It is an old English (*i.e.*, Middle-English) form. What is 'a semi-civilized aborigine' (*sic*, p. 35). 'Blocks of five' is very inadequately defined on p. 37. 'Boy' in the sense man-servant of any age is not an 'Americanism' nor does it mean necessarily 'a negro servant of any age.' 'Buster,' a common American name for a bouncing baby, should be inserted among other 'busters' on (p. 53). 'Catnap' should not be left out (p. 60). Is 'cheap Jack' (p. 63) only 'a street-corner peddler'? It is a common name for a large 'store' for cheap goods in the South. Nor is 'clubber' (p. 67) to be defined as 'sour milk.' There is some bad French on pp. 41 and 71. Under 'Cornfed' (p. 77) might be inserted the reference to the Confederates twenty-five years ago. We doubt the statement that *crevasse* (p. 81) is a Spanish word; it is provincial French. 'Disremember' is set down (p. 93) as an Americanism for 'forget.' It is one of 'Biddy's importations,' says R. G. White. Under D should be inserted the popular colloquialism *dog gone* (*dog go on it?*). It is rather oddly stated (p. 101) that 'Dutch' is 'said to be from *Deutsch*, German.' What else could it be from? We do not notice 'Dutch wife' among the other Dutch importations.

We have made these miscellaneous jottings in the hope of improving a very useful book, whose size might be cut down one-half without abridging its contents in the least.

#### Wagner's Personality \*

IT IS GENERALLY conceded in these days that the truly great are not always the truly lovely. There has been something more substantial than a suspicion that Richard Wagner, the composer, was not a charming man. The publication of his correspondence with Liszt and of his letters to Uhlig, Fischer and Heine revealed traits which could only be pardoned as eccentricities of genius. And now comes Dr. Ferdinand Praeger's book telling the story of a life-long friendship with Wagner and deepening the conviction that he was selfish, magnificently conceited, dogmatic, prejudiced, and devoid of all ideas of personal responsibility in the pecuniary affairs of everyday life. Worse than that, his grandiose belief in his own greatness led him into meannesses, as, for instance, when he hoped that 'the director of the theatre' would, on hearing that HE desired it, give him a fine Shakespeare to present to his wife on her birthday, and so save him \$15, the cost price of the edition he desired. Yet this same Wagner had good traits. He loved his dog and at the age of sixty he stood on his head, just to show that he could do it. Athletics cover a multitude of sins.

Dr. Praeger's book is not a 'well of English undefiled,' but it is charged with interesting matter. If Emerson was nearly right in saying, 'The search after great men is the dream of youth and the most serious occupation of manhood,' then there should be many readers for this volume. It has the charm of personal intimacy. Dr. Praeger, despite his labored style, conveys to the reader a strong impression of Wagner, the man. And if he possessed peculiarities of a disagreeable nature, it is none the less profitable to go behind the curtain of his daily life and watch the workings of one of the most creative minds, one of the most aggressive and indomitable individualities of the present century. Dr.

Praeger's book is especially valuable in that it throws new light on Wagner's connection with the Revolution of 1848-49, his labors in London, and his relations with his first wife, the almost forgotten Minna Planer. Taken altogether, 'Wagner as I Knew Him' is a really valuable addition to the number of books about music and musicians.

#### Recent Fiction

TRANSLATIONS are poor things at best, and if one reads in a foreign tongue at all, he resents the reproductions (grotesque caricatures for the most part) of the masterpieces he has learned to care for as he cares for those in his own language. His resentment becomes a personal matter with him, and is visited in wrath upon the devoted head of the translator. The only one of this deservedly abused class of literary workpeople that will forever escape the odium it has incurred is Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley, who, in her splendid translations of Balzac, has erected a monument to herself as worthy and as lasting as an effort of creative genius would have done. Balzac's greatest successor in the world of fiction and the most conspicuous of all imaginative writers in France to-day is unquestionably Paul Bourget. He is almost as difficult as his master to translate—a fact of which we had abundant evidence last winter in a reproduction of his greatest novel, 'Un Coeur de Femme,' called 'Was it Love?' It was an adaptation after the translator's own sweet will; it was filled with glaring absurdities; it was the first time Bourget had ever appeared in English dress and it made one hope it would be the last. Miss Wormeley, however, has turned her attention for the moment from Balzac and has given it to Bourget, and the volume of what we hope may be a complete English edition of his works lies before us now—the first series of his charming 'Pastels of Men.' This volume contains 'A Saint,' 'M. Legrimandet' and 'Two Little Boys.' In the first we have an Italian convert in the neighborhood of Pisa for a setting, an old priest and two travellers, both belonging to the profession of literature, one much older, whose name has long been known to fame, the other a romance-maker without a career. The priest gives a lesson to the younger man which causes the elder to see in the look which his companion casts upon the simple monk the dawning of another soul. The sketch of Legrimandet, divided into two parts, one devoted to bringing out a most unexpected incident in his career and the other an account of his illness and death, is masterly. The portrait of this solitary, who lived a lonely life in Paris than Crusoe on his isle, is that of a genuine Diogenes, full of anguish, pride, hatred, madness, with an utterly grotesque and aborted soul. It is a vivid sketch, done to the life by a pen that never falters because of its courage and because of its insight into human nature. There are pages of analysis in this chapter, such as that of the charity under which Legrimandet lived and suffered, which are positively startling. It isn't that the story of the two boys is less interesting, it is that the others are more so, that we have dwelt at length upon them. (\$1. Roberts Bros.)

'CIPHERS,' by Ellen Olney Kirk, has no meaning in its title except the fact that all women are enigmas—something that has been the stumbling-block of all novelists for many years. A rich and very handsome widow is beset by two lovers, one who wants her money more than he does herself, and another who loves her for her own sake but will not tell her so because he is poor and obscure and does not dare. The first tells the second, in a friendly way, that it is absurd for him to aspire to the hand of such a woman, and he believes him and on the strength of it engages himself to a girl for whom he feels sorry and to whom he thinks he can be of assistance. Time passes, and he does not see the widow until one day she asks him to dine with her, and in the course of the conversation betrays the fact that she is and always has been in love with him. He is in despair because of his engagement to the other woman. He tells her of it and they part, but the atmosphere is cleared later by the girl's discovering she cares for some one else more than she does for her fiancé, by her breaking with him and leaving him free to be happy. The story is decidedly commonplace. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—ONE OF the weakest and most highly improbable stories we have seen in a long while is 'The Abandoned Claim,' by Flora Haines Loughead. The scene is laid in the far West, and it is a tale of three children between the ages of twelve and fifteen who start out by themselves to run a farm and make a living. Their vicissitudes are many and various of course, and occasionally they are reduced to terrible straits, but in the end they make brilliant successes of themselves and their experiments. There is really not enough in the story to hang a thread upon. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

\* Wagner as I Knew Him. By Ferdinand Praeger. \$1.50. Longmans, Green & Co.

'A PINCH OF EXPERIENCE' is rather a sad thing for a very attractive young girl who has done nothing to deserve it. Rhoda is the light of her parents' eyes and the object of their lives. They would moulder away peacefully into the moss-grown burial-ground which holds the bones of their ancestors were it not for this exuberant young creature who tuggs and strains the other way. There is no peace, no droning, no drowsy through the jog-trot hours while she is about. She tears time-worn theories to shreds, and bowls over the most venerable traditions-with a laugh. She makes up her mind to go and pay her mother's sister a visit in London, and go she will in spite of everything. Once there she finds her new relatives very undesirable people. They live pretty much by their wits, and have no use for Rhoda except for what can be made out of her. She begins to see it all and wants to go home, but diphteria has broken out there, and her father telegraphs her to remain. They offer to take her to the seaside, she to pay all expenses, and she agrees gladly. At Ilfracombe she meets some of her father's relations who end by trying to run off with her and marry her to one of her worthless cousins. Her father and mother appear in time to save her from this, and she is only too happy to go home with them. Rhoda is a nice girl, and her relations are more than usually badly behaved persons. The story is by Mrs. L. B. Walford. (25 cts. John W. Lovell Co.) — 'THE MAN FROM NOWHERE,' by Flora Haines Loughead, appears in the series of short stories by the same author issued regularly every month in uniform style and averaging about the same length. Many of these stories have been published before, but their success warrants their republication. The present one is the story of a man who was injured in an explosion, became insane from the injuries, and spent sixteen years in an asylum, his family believing him to be dead. It is told in a straightforward, homely fashion that makes it interesting. These stories are known as the Gold Dust Series. They are published in small paper-covered volumes, just large enough to carry conveniently in the pocket. (25 cts. San Francisco: C. A. Murdock & Co.)

'A WIDOWER INDEED' opens with the death of a young wife and the picture of the desolate home she leaves behind her. The husband goes about his duties in Oxford not knowing exactly how to pick up the broken threads of his life. His wife's family try to help him, but his sister-in-law marries and her duties are first to her own family. He falls back upon his next-door neighbor, an American, who has a very wholesome effect upon him, treats him in the friendliest possible manner, and has no designs upon him whatever. Gossip is busy with them, however, and its noise soon reaches his ears. He thinks it is a desecration of his wife's memory to have his name linked with any other woman's, so he tells the American frankly how it is, that they can no longer enjoy their friendly intercourse, and she acquiesces at once. Away from her, however, he falls a victim to two designing relatives of his own, a mother and her daughter. They are determined to have him, and end by throwing themselves on his generosity. Before he knows where he stands he is married to the daughter in less than a year from his wife's death. His return home under the circumstances is disastrous in the extreme. The dénouement is totally unexpected as the rest of the story is told in a somewhat humorous vein. It is by Rhoda Broughton and Elizabeth Bisland. (50 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD'S 'House and Hearth' is a study in heredity. The author begins by arguing and refuting the theory that our ancestors were altogether superior to ourselves, mentally, morally and physically, claiming that if such were the case we would have degenerated by this time into a state of savagery. She concludes that it is the natural instinct of parents to transmit what is good in themselves to their children as far as they can, so it is a logical influence that the race improves somewhat all the time. She takes the career of a woman and traces it from babyhood to old age, taking school-life, society, wifehood and motherhood as the successive stages upon which most stress is to be laid. She gives much good advice to mothers about their daughters, and claims that much can be done provided the all-powerful law of heredity is kept in view, and the strength of the family tie is given due weight. The saying that blood is thicker than water, she thinks, holds within itself an entire cosmogony. The idea that natural affection is the strongest bond between human beings is an almost universal one. This mystical tie of flesh and blood words never can explain and endeavor seldom can destroy—a tie before which the fidelity of the lodestone to its pole dwindles into nothingness. No savant has yet told us what this tie is. Philosophers cannot illuminate it; physiologists cannot catch it. We must simply admit its existence and build our lives accordingly. (\$1. Dodd, Mead & Co.) — AN ILLUSTRATED

edition of Hall Caine's 'Scapegoat' has just been issued by John W. Lovell Co. (50 cts.); and a reprint of Epes Sargent's 'Peculiar: A Hero of the Great Rebellion' has been added to Lee & Shepard's Good Company Series. (50 cts.)

MR. A. W. PINERO has published 'A Cabinet Minister,' and a perusal of it in type simply confirms the opinion expressed in *The Critic* when the piece was produced at Daly's Theatre, and speedily withdrawn, a short time ago. It is curious that Mr. Daly should have expected success for it in this city, for it is essentially British both in its details and its humor. Much of its significance, indeed, would be imperceptible anywhere but in London. There are other reasons, however, for its failure here apart from its purely local interest. In the first place, it is neither farce nor comedy, but a mixture of both, so that a consistent performance of it is practically impossible, and the conflicting elements in it are fatal to each other. Then again the leading characters are unsympathetic. It is too much to ask for belief, even in a farce, in a cabinet minister and his wife who conspire to cheat a money-lender. The money-lender himself is a grotesque impossibility, and the 'lady milliner' is almost as bad. The piece does not 'read' much better than it 'acts.' The dialogue is full of clever lines, or it would not be Pinero's, but, on the whole, it is smartly rather than brilliantly written. Altogether 'The Cabinet Minister' may be held fully accountable for the reverse which it encountered in New York. The reason for its popularity in London is not very clear. (\$1.25. John W. Lovell Co.)

'DAME CARE' is a strange story, unlike anything we have ever seen before, and enshrouded in an impenetrable veil of sadness. Not one ray of happiness is allowed to shine through it for more than a moment; it is immediately crushed out by the calamities which follow close on its heels, or set aside by the person in whom the interest of the story chiefly centres as something with which he has nothing to do. It draws its inspiration from the old legend of Dame Care to whom a mother gave her son's soul that he might have some one to stand godmother to him and to keep him from being hungry. The boy grew up, but as he had no soul he had no joy and no youth, until at last the mother pleaded with Dame Care to set him free. She replied that she would when he consented to sacrifice to her all that he loved, and the sacrifice was gladly made for the sake of the peace that it brought. This is the legend, but there is nothing of the allegory in the story itself. It is a bare recital of the events in the lives of a family of people who are pursued by misfortune. The boy in this case is born as his father and his mother are being turned out of their home. The father is a drunken brute, who hounds the mother to her grave, and from his earliest years the cares and responsibilities of the family rest upon the boy's shoulders. He has to pay off the load of debt his father is constantly incurring; he has to comfort, and uphold his mother and stand between the two; he has to watch over two wild sisters, who give him no return but trouble; and when at last he sees his way clear to a life of ease and comfort, he voluntarily sacrifices everything to prevent his father from committing a crime. His creed is expressed in the idea that there must never be any question of one's self. Death, he thinks, is only terrible when one has waited for happiness all through life and it has not come; then one must feel as if one had to get up hungry from a richly-spread table. It is all indescribably touching and pathetic, and one might almost say that it was so unconsciously, the incidents are so commonplace, the characters are so intensely human. It is a bit out of the lives of many people. It is translated from the German of Hermann Sudermann by Bertha Overbeck. (\$1. Harper & Bros.)

'THE THREE-CORNERED HAT,' by Pedro Antonio de Alarcón, has been passed around from hand to hand in Spain, and published in serials, which have been read and praised by all alike. According to the Spanish theory of success in fiction, it proves that it is not necessary for a Spanish author to visit foreign orchards in order to obtain well-seasoned and wholesome fruit. It aims at a plain and honest way of proving that vice and villainy are always punished, even though by low and roguish means. It expounds the problem that novels can be written without intricate or fearful plots, without any great climax, without tiresome resources, and without wearying the reader's mind in trying to divert him. The advantage to be derived from it is that it may inspire in both public and authors a taste for this class of wholesome and sound reading, based upon such an ample and fertile flow of genius as this. These are apparently reasons sufficient for its immense popularity in Spain; but they are not sufficient to guarantee such a story any degree of popularity with English-speaking people. It is translated by Mary Springer. (50 cts. Cassell Publishing Co.)

## Minor Notices

THE SUBJECTIVE element—the personality of the biographer—is seldom a welcome or a successful element in a biography or a study that deals strictly with facts or with history or literary criticism. What spoils all of Swinburne's studies of the older English poets, Ben Jonson and his contemporaries, is the constant intrusion of himself on the stage, where the reader wants not Swinburne but Ben Jonson or some one else. A great name should not be selected simply to be draped and garlanded with one's useless praises; there is nothing so depressing and in the end so intolerable as continuous eulogy. Even Pindar is hard to read in his sublime yet prolix paens over the Olympic victors; much more so the 'Henriades' and—'Dunciades' of inferior bards. Prof. Lee Davis Lodge of Columbian University calls his book 'A Study in Corneille.' 'Of' would have been a better preposition; but our criticism is not of prepositions: it is of attitude, treatment, contents. Three hundred pages of panegyric, much of it 'fine writing' of the most flagrant description, without analysis or real insight, is more than most tempers can bear; and 'spread-eagle' when Corneille is in question! The English and American public needs knowledge of Corneille: a simple, earnest, sober, graphic book about him and his times would have been most welcome; but a book like the present one, teeming with sophomorish declamations, with interjections, with crude and involved metaphors, and with juvenile enthusiasm, is so much paper wasted, and the waste-paper of a young man who is evidently cultured, scholarly, in love with his subject, and deserves a better fate than to have been induced to publish these immature lucubrations. (#1. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.)

THE 'PRISON JOURNALS' of the Duchesse de Duras have been translated by Mrs. M. Carey, and published in an attractive volume. They are written without violent expressions of dislike and contempt for the Revolution, such as characterize many of the Legitimist memoirs of the time, but are a simple recital of the arrest and imprisonment of a perfectly innocent woman, guilty only of being an aristocrat and the daughter of Maréchal de Mouchy. She was separated from her parents, with whom she lived in her widowhood, and conveyed from Mouchy to Chantilly and thence to the Collège du Plessis prison. The Maréchal and Maréchale de Mouchy were at the same time confined in the Luxembourg. For more than a year Mme. de Duras remained in different places of confinement, though she was never permitted to share the prison of her parents, and during this year both of them, as well as her sister-in-law, Mme. de Noailles, were guillotined. The account of the prison discipline and the recital of the sufferings endured by refined and delicate women who were subjected to vile indignities and viler associations is very touching—a quality of the book which is enhanced by the simplicity of its diction. (#1.25. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

THE DE VINNE PRESS has just issued to its customers a handsome specimen book of the various sizes and faces of types kept on hand for book, magazine and business work of all kinds. Most of the types, especially of the smaller sizes, show a return to what is called 'old style': that is, a round, open letter of nearly equal thickness of line throughout. There are examples, however, of the 'modern' styles—after black-letter and the old French type called 'de civilité,'—the most unreadable ever invented. These are made use of, we presume, principally in commercial work, for they seldom offend the eye in good contemporary book, magazine and newspaper work. All are beautifully printed, so that even the minute 'brilliant'—smaller than Pickering's 'diamond' type—can be easily read by a person with fair eyesight. A novel feature is the variety of illuminated capitals, in gold and colors, which would certainly do much to brighten an otherwise dull page. There is no such page in the book, though, for it is made up of apt quotations from books and printing from Emerson, Richard de Bury, the New York *Sun*, and other authorities.—AS 'THE spring time, the only pretty ring time,' has come, we are naturally attracted to a volume in the Good Form Series called 'Weddings, Formal and Informal,' and a very simple and sensible little book it is. Such manuals are apt to be grotesque, and therefore a delight to the jaded reviewer; but having read this one through, we can honestly recommend it to those who do not feel competent to thread their way without a guide through the maze of ceremonies with which custom has compassed about the holy estate of matrimony. (75 cts. F. A. Stokes Co.)

THE SCOTCH-IRISH in America have held their third Congress in Louisville, Ky., and have issued their third volume. The frontispiece shows the solid figure of Dr. John Hall, a good specimen of the stock. Addresses by Gov. Buckner and Robert Bonner, with many letters from prominent persons, are followed by scholarly

papers full of suggestive information and infused with patriotic enthusiasm. The influence of the Scotch-Irish Americans on the bench and at the bar, in the formation of the Government of the United States, in California, East Tennessee, Kentucky, in Canada and among the nations is traced and illustrated by able specialists. Dr. J. S. McIntosh of Philadelphia writes of 'Our Pledge to Posterity,' and Dr. John Hall preached the sermon. We notice among the letters one from an historical writer calling attention to the fact that the first blood of the Revolution was shed at Alamance, N. C., in 1771, when the Scotch-Irish opened their veins in battle with the oppressive royal Governor, Tryon. Like the fight on Bunker Hill, it was a defeat, and hence, like that battle before the days of the monuments, the society, and the bronze tablets, is not generally known to Americans, notwithstanding that over a hundred were killed or wounded. Lists of members, with valuable biographical and genealogical data, are added. (#1. Nashville, Tenn.: Barbee & Smith.)—'EARLY GRANTS and Incorporation of the Town of Ware,' is a well-printed pamphlet, with four large and clearly-engraved maps, by Mr. Edward H. Gilbert. It is an interesting and curious study of the growth of a New England community from the time of its first settlement in 1636. It shows the evolution of the organized political society, and how the religious parish became a civil precinct, the precinct a district and the district a town. Incidentally, it brings into clear light the practical directness and good sense characteristic of the early New Englanders. (#2. Fords, Howard & Hubert.)

## Magazine Notes

THE 'Letters of John Ruskin to his Secretary,' in *The New Review* for March, are of the slightest possible interest to anyone who is not a confirmed Ruskin collector. Like the letters of Hawthorne and of several other 'eminent hands' with which the magazines have lately favored us, they concern mere details of business, private charity and the like, and might have been written by one obscure person to another. Still, these Ruskin letters, at least, show their writer in an amiable light, which cannot be said of all of the others. 'David Grieve,' its popularity, its superiority as a work of fiction to 'Robert Elsmere,' its vitality, its preachiness, engage most of Mr. Traill's attention. David is a prig; but he is a more endurable prig than Robert; and the Elise Delaunay episode shows that Mrs. Ward has it in her to write very good fiction, if she would drop her philosophico-religious views. But it is the 'views' that sell the book. Hamlet, according to Mr. William Archer, plays Mr. Beerbohm Tree, instead of Mr. Tree playing Hamlet, and the performance is sometimes ludicrous. Still, it is the most interesting topic at present in theatrical London, excepting, apparently, Prof. Herkomer's scenic innovations.

'The Lions in Trafalgar Square,' though as works of art much inferior to Baltimore's Barye lions, drew from the late Richard Jefferies a characteristic piece of British brag, which appears—his last contribution—in *Longman's for March*. 'The only noble open-air work of native art in the four million city,' they apparently lead one, in the end, to the reflection that London 'has hook and line on every napoleon and dollar' in the world. Hence London is the only real city of men; for where our gold goes, there will our hearts be also. But the whole article was perhaps consciously pitched in too high a key, or having begun with superlatives about those really mediocre lions, the writer was forced to wind up with a little bombast; for Jefferies certainly was not by nature a worshipper of power in the form of money. To Mr. Lang, 'At the Sign of the Ship,' Mr. Stevenson sends from Samoa two Tahitian legends. Both appear to be told to account for natural wonders—tunnels through mountains pierced by Pai's spear; a natural dam broken by Honoura's diving. In an old angling book Mr. Lang has found a recipe for a universal bait composed of oil of comfrey, goose grease, juice of camomile, oil of spike and spirits of vitriol; which, he remarks, seems an improvement on the fat of a black cat and paste of dead men's bones recommended by older authorities. But perhaps not. There is no accounting for tastes—of bookmen or of fishes.

## Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*Juliet's 'Runaway' Again.*—Mr. J. W. Palmer sends me the following note:—

Concerning 'Juliet's runaway' and 'Runaway's eyes'—if you will kindly turn to a handsome imperial octavo published by the Appletons in 1859, and entitled 'The Stratford Gallery; or, The Shakspeare Sisterhood,' by Henrietta Lee Palmer, you will find on pp. 22-25 such an answer to this much-vaed question, and such an argument in support of the ungarbled text, as should be acceptable to you, seeing that it is

quite in accord with the views you express in the current number of *The Critic*.

Mr. Richard Grant White had declared that 'he who discovers the needful word for the misprint "runaway's eyes" will secure the honorable mention of his name as long as the English language is read and spoken.' Mrs. Palmer wrote:—'To rescue the same passage from unnecessary "correction" and keep out "needful words" where no misprint is, should be glory enough for one woman. \* \* \* When learning and research have been tried in vain, much faith should be reposed in the quick sympathetic understanding of a woman's heart, on a subject wherein her instincts are directly involved; and such an interpreter will not appeal in vain to the pure bridal mind of the Juliets of to-day, for whose sympathetic understanding the passionate outburst of their Shakespearian sister has utterances almost unutterably true.'

I have not seen the book referred to, and am gratified to learn that its testimony is to be added to that of the comparatively few critics who accept the original text as probably what Shakespeare wrote.

*A Book for Shakespeare Clubs.*—A correspondent in Texas wants to know if there is any good 'guiding book for Shakespeare clubs.' 'I know of no book making this subject a specialty except Mr. L. M. Griffith's 'Evenings with Shakspeare,' which, as the title adds, is 'a handbook to the study of his works, with suggestions for the consideration of other Elizabethan literature, and containing special help for Shakspeare societies.' It is published by Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol, England, but is not so well-known in this country as it should be, and would be if the publisher were more enterprising.'

*Monosyllabic Verse.*—A Boston correspondent writes:—

To-day I happened on a song of Ben Jonson's, with 118 words in it, of which all but eight are monosyllables; and one of those eight is *cannot*, which may be counted as two monosyllables rather than a disyllable. Is that surpassed?

The writer does not say to what song she refers, but it is evidently the familiar favorite, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.' It is surpassed by Tennyson's exquisite song in 'The Princess,' 'Ask me no more,' in which there are 125 words, all monosyllables but seven, which are dissyllables. I doubt whether this is surpassed in all English literature.

*Shakespeare in France.*—According to M. De Blowitz, the French are taking to Shakespeare. He says that Mme. Blaze de Bury's discourse on 'Much Ado' attracted a large audience. In a letter to the London *Times*, commenting on this, he remarks:—

The French are learning really to feel much of the best and most universal, and even some of the distinctively racial quality in Shakspeare. The *feuilletons* of Sarcey, of Lemaitre, and of many others betray the consciousness of his great interest and value. At the Théâtre Français few successes have been greater than that of 'La Mégère Apprivoisée.' It is not merely a *dilettante* curiosity that is being aroused, as just manifested in the production of 'Dr. Faustus.' But all the literature of the time now begins to reflect the acquaintance of Frenchmen with Shakspeare.

But the French version of 'The Taming of the Shrew,' to which reference is made, was materially modified to suit the Gallic taste. At least I infer this from comments on the play in the Paris papers, one of which speaks of this 'revision' as 'necessary' to secure the success of the comedy at the Théâtre Français. Here and there a Frenchman, like M. Darmesteter, really understands and enjoys Shakespeare; but these are only the exceptions that prove the rule.

*A Baconian Magazine.*—Messrs. F. J. Schutte & Co. of Chicago announce that in April they will begin the publication of *Baconiana*, 'a quarterly magazine to aid in the study of the acknowledged works of Francis Bacon and the investigation of his supposed authorship of certain works not publicly acknowledged by him, including the Shakespeare plays and poems.' Among the contributors will be 'the leading Baconians of both hemispheres, as well as prominent critics on the other side of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.' The price of the magazine is to be one dollar a year.

### William Douglas O'Connor

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

The author of a review entitled 'The Short Story' in the February *Atlantic*, wherein he undertakes to give the keynote to each of some fifteen recent volumes, lapses a little from a becoming omniscience in the case of the late William Douglas O'Connor and the 'Three Tales' of his which are now collected. These may be 'old-fashioned' according to certain standards; and—among Aryan tradi-

tions of race dispersion at the Hub—they may 'belong to a time when people in Boston had not begun to move from "the hill"'—though it is not manifest how all this applies in any derogatory sense: but certainly they are far enough from showing the influence of Dickens. Now, among all his contemporaries that novelist was O'Connor's pet antipathy. On occasion of the great dinner given in New York to Dickens during his last visit to this country, O'Connor, in declining his invitation to the feast of welcome, availed himself of the opportunity to free his mind on the subject of Dickens and his literary status—a letter which the committee did not quite feel called upon to read among the other 'regrets' before the distinguished guest and his numerous hosts of the evening!

O'Connor was master of a remarkable style. In its keenness, its alertness, its grace and flexibility, it is not often paralleled. If I were to make any comparison—and many subtle shades would still count in his favor—it would be with Henry James the elder; whose style, by the way—veritable Damascene blade—affords as striking a contrast to the mellow charms of that of his son, the novelist, as may be found in literature.

Fiction was not O'Connor's forte. He wrote, however, a novel, 'Hallington,' which was deemed of great promise. This was in the early Boston days before the exodus from 'the hill,' and before he took up his permanent residence in Washington, where for many years thereafter he had a position in the Treasury. It is doubtful whether in any line of literary work he would have greatly moved the popular heart. With all his brilliance, one felt the absence of a sympathetic touch with nature and man—of broad, genial, human traits, of that strain, at least, which finds affinity with us of Anglo Saxon blood; characteristics which we may so easily illustrate, for instance, in the work of his friend Burroughs. In the field of criticism O'Connor's fluent grace and power were most manifest. His brilliant defence of the 'Good Gray Poet' will be recalled. There was a certain feather-edge to O'Connor's temperament, of which one manifestation was in taking umbrage at some fancied offence on Walt Whitman's part. This severed their intercourse; but even after the break he would, on occasion in public print, fly chivalrously to his defence.

I remember another such exploit of his. There was one Ball, many years ago, who had come forward with tender and sanctimonious reluctance to claim the authorship of Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen's 'Rock Me to Sleep,' and whose champion was able to present a mass of documentary evidence covering a broadside of one of the New York dailies. There were columns of sworn affidavits, some of them from high public functionaries, which seemed to be confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ. Most unfortunately for his client there was appended to the touching poem which was in dispute four or five stanzas of frightful doggerel of undoubted originality! To the great public, however, to whom the irregular margin on the right side of the page, betokening 'poetry,' is an unfailing test, the statement for Ball, unchallenged, would have seemed formidable. O'Connor came forward with his puissant pen and reviewed the matter with equal elaborateness. After his knight-errant charge—poor Ball, where was he? Where else but revolving in outer darkness, without satellite or orbit, and beyond reach of any telescope thereafter to discover?

O'Connor had a favorite project of a review, modeled upon his own plans, of which he should sit at the head. At one time he held an interest in some discovery or invention which he implicitly believed would bring him a fortune, wealth with him being chiefly coveted for the capital to furnish a literary venture of this nature. I have always thought it a pity that his dream could not have been realized, if only for the thrill of sensation which would have been awakened in literary ranks. If they had been reminded of Poe's sorties, it would have been acknowledged that there was a hand more deft wielding the pen. He was not altogether level-headed. The windmill was not always distinguished from the castle. If Miss Delia Bacon was the original discoverer of that mare's-nest, the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare, O'Connor was probably her first convert; and he remained an ardent champion of that forlorn cause.

Hawthorne, it will be remembered—and it did great credit to his kindness of heart,—had befriended that unfortunate lady before the final culmination of her mental disorder in absolute insanity, and at much pains had secured for her the publication of her book defending her theory. I am not sure but that he even introduced it with some prefatory words under his own signature; but he had not a particle of faith in the theory, himself. He says in his 'Recollections of a Gifted Woman,' with regard to Miss Bacon's venture—and it is to O'Connor to whom he alludes:—'I believe it has been the fate of this remarkable book to have never had more than a single reader. I myself am acquainted with it only in insulated chapters and scattered pages and paragraphs.'

But, since my return to America, a young man of genius and enthusiasm has assured me that he has positively read the book from beginning to end, and is completely a convert to its doctrines. It belongs to him, therefore, and not to me—whom, in almost the last letter that I received from her, she declared unworthy to meddle with her work—it belongs surely to this one individual, who has done her so much justice as to know what she wrote, to place Miss Bacon in her due position before the public and posterity.'

AMENIA, N. Y.

MYRON BENTON.

### Boston Letter

THE DEATH of Mr. D. Lothrop on Friday evening came very suddenly, although he has been failing for several years. It was only a few days before his death that I was talking with him in his office, and he then seemed as bright in spirits and as well as ever. I recall particularly the animation with which he related an anecdote regarding Richard Henry Dana. Dana, he said, never got over a feeling of resentment against the publishers of 'Two Years Before the Mast' because they did not do more than was stipulated in the bond. They had purchased his book outright for two hundred dollars, and at the time of the purchase he was very well satisfied with the bargain. But as the sales increased and the publishers' profits grew, Mr. Dana thought he should receive a royalty, and even to the end that feeling lasted, though somewhat softened by time. The publishers, I believe, of their own accord, made him gifts on account of the book, and this Mr. Lothrop maintained was just action.

Mr. Lothrop was always an interesting narrator, and the story of his early life as he once told it may be repeated now. 'I was a farmer's boy,' he said, 'born and bred in New Hampshire [at Rochester, 11 Aug. 1831]. I was a very ambitious boy, fond of books and study, and my father was entirely in sympathy with me in all my ambitions. I went to school, when school kept, and studied Latin and Greek by myself during my spare hours in vacation. I used to have two hours of the morning, in the long summer days, and I got in an amount of study that was surprising. I then went a year to the academy, and was ready for college. Just then, as I was not well, having studied pretty hard, I received an invitation to go to Dover with an elder brother of mine, who had opened a drug-store in that city. I went, and he took me at once into the store. Then, being called in another direction by other business interests, he put me in his place in Dover, and made me—a boy of seventeen just off a farm—the senior partner. I added books to the stock, and by degrees gave up the drugs. The first thing I did was to have a big sign painted, 'D. Lothrop & Co.,' and put up. I think it was the biggest sign in Dover, and it was an inexpressible comfort to me. I used to go out, cross the street, and look at it with the greatest satisfaction. I have never taken so much pleasure in anything as I did in my big sign. I then opened a store in Newcastle and another at Great Falls, still continuing the Dover business; but none of them were quite large enough to suit me, and I came to Boston and plunged at once into book-publishing. You see what has come from the small beginning made in the drug-store in Dover. Sometimes I think the big sign was, in its way, a prophecy; it certainly was an incentive. I haven't done being proud of that sign yet, and I have never had another that has equalled it in my estimation.'

Mr. Lothrop was in various lines of business during his long and useful life, but the book business was ever his favorite. It was somewhat of an accident that led him to start in that trade. A Dover bookseller found it necessary, in 1850, to dispose of his stock, and Mr. Lothrop quietly bought it in. Soon he was establishing branches in all the neighboring towns, and before long had started on a Western tour to study the bookselling interests in other cities. At St. Peter, Minn., he established a drug-store, and that act was one indicative of his swift determination and energy. He had contracted with the men who were building the new town into a city to open his store on the first day of December, but an early freezing of the Mississippi prevented the arrival of his goods, as expected, in the month previous. Down the river at once started Mr. Lothrop on the lookout for his delayed drugs. When, after reaching St. Paul, he found no trace of his goods, he immediately took another step in enterprise, purchased the entire stock of a drug-store in that city, loaded up several teams and started them in a blinding storm for St. Peter. At the river, within a mile of the town, it was found necessary to unload all the goods, pack them on small sledges and drag them across the river, the ice not being strong enough to bear the weight of large teams. This was done without hesitation, and on the day agreed upon the new store was opened. Afterwards, in the same place, Mr. Lothrop started a banking house, and in the neighborhood of the town he established two other stores. But business troubles with other houses

brought heavy losses to the Dover merchant, and though he met every liability in full, he found the strain too heavy to continue, and so returned home.

Just after the Rebellion ended Mr. Lothrop laid his plans for establishing a publishing-house in Boston. 'Andy Luttrell,' the first book he issued in this city, had a great success, and was said to mark a new era in Sunday-school literature. His Boston experiences were not all plain sailing, however, for in the great fire of 1872 his house was a sufferer; and again, as the first edition of the celebrated \$1000 prize books was about to be printed on a new lot of paper bought to replace the first lot, which had been destroyed in that fire, the flames carried that away also. But Mr. Lothrop's energy was as great as it had been at St. Peter, and without delay a third lot of paper was secured and the books were printed.

His founding of the children's magazines, *Wide Awake*, *Babylonia*, *The Pansy*, *Our Little Men and Women*, quickly proved profitable, and before long he had moved to larger quarters. With his wife, 'Margaret Sidney,' he spent his summers at the historic Wayside, in Concord, so closely associated with Hawthorne's name; his winters were passed in Boston at the Hotel Bellevue, near his publishing-house.

Prof. Tucker has declined to take the Presidency of Dartmouth practically on the ground that his services at Andover are more valuable to that institution than he could make his services at Hanover to Dartmouth. The alumni of the College are all very sorry at his decision. No new name is mentioned at present. The choice must be limited to a Trinitarian Congregationalist, but the President need not be a clergyman.

*The Cottage Hearth* is to be radically changed and broadened. William A. Wilde & Co., a well-known Boston publishing firm, have secured the control, and will make the change with the June number. Mrs. Austin, I understand, is to furnish a Puritan story for the first number of the new series, and Celia Thaxter a poem, while other famous names will appear in later issues. Mr. Willis Boyd Allen will be succeeded as editor by Mr. Alvan F. Sanborn.

A recent report from Mr. H. O. Houghton and the Misses Houghton announced that they were voyaging around the West Indies in the yacht Victoria, in which they had crossed the Atlantic from Spain. Mr. H. O. Houghton, Jr., has sailed for Bermuda, and will return with the others of the family in April.

The opera season has not been a phenomenal success. The sale on Patti nights has been very great, but on the other nights less than half the house was filled; yet there can be no question that some of the operas in which the Diva did not appear were the best presented of all. Boston, however, emphatically declares that it is a wonderful prima-donna rather than a great opera which she wishes to see. The operas in which Emma Eames and the De Reszke brothers appeared were second in favor, and all three of these artists have received much social attention. The location of the opera hall was one of the disadvantages the venture suffered from. In spite of the improvements in Mechanics' Building the hall is practically a big barn, as far as its acoustics are concerned; and, moreover, it is difficult to reach, for the greater part of Boston.

BOSTON, March 22, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### Edward Augustus Freeman

FROM THE TIME when, as a young man of twenty-six, he published his first book, on 'Church Restoration,' the late Prof. Freeman never ceased to bring forth works, not always of the first importance, but invariably valuable for the matter they contained and distinguished by an excellent and individual literary style. His labors were prodigious in amount, his researches patient, painstaking, minute and comprehensive; and no contemporary historian has set before the public so large a mass of recondite information in a form so agreeably accessible. He was a man of strongly marked individuality and vigorous prejudices, and the blunders—grave or trivial—of Mr. Froude never failed to receive at his hands the exposure and derision they deserved. As a contributor to *The Saturday Review*—a journal whose foible is derision—he had every opportunity of laboring the brilliant writer whose lapses loomed so large in his sight, and whose claims to be an historian at all he was little inclined to admit. But Mr. Froude was not the only sufferer from his well-laden controversial club.

Edward Augustus Freeman, son of John Freeman of Redmore Hall, Worcestershire, was born at Harborne, Staffordshire, in 1823; he was graduated at twenty-two from Trinity College, Oxford, of which he was a Fellow from 1845 to 1847 and an honorary Fellow in 1880; filled the office of examiner in the School of Law and Modern History in 1857-8 and in 1863-4, and in the School of Modern History in 1873; became Regius Professor of Modern History (succeeding Bishop Stubbs), and Fellow of Oriel in 1884; was cre-

ated an honorary D. C. L. by the University of Oxford at the installation of the Marquis of Salisbury in 1870, and honorary LL.D. by the University of Cambridge in 1874; honorary member of the Imperial University of St. Petersburg in 1877, and Honorary LL.D. of the University of Edinburgh in 1884. He was a Knight Commander of the Order of the Redeemer of Greece, of the Order of Danilo of Montenegro, and of the Order of Takova of Servia. He was also Knight of the Second Class of the Order of St. Saba, Corresponding Member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, of the Royal Academies of Lincei of Rome, of Munich, Copenhagen and Belgrade; of the Historical Societies of Massachusetts, Maryland, Pennsylvania, etc., of the Greek Historical and Ethnological Society, and of the Genevese Institute of Sciences, Letters and Fine Arts. In 1868 he was an unsuccessful Parliamentary candidate for Mid-Somerset.

The list of Prof. Freeman's writings is as long as that of a popular novelist, and his works have probably had as many readers as those of the fictionists. After his 'Church Restoration' (1849) came 'An Essay on Window-Tracery,' 'Architectural Antiquities of Gower,' a book of poems (his first and last), 'The Architecture of Llandaff Cathedral' and 'The Antiquities of St. Davids.' Then, after years of travel and study on the Continent, 'The History and Conquest of the Saracens' (1856) and a 'History of Federal Government from the Foundation of the Achaian League to the Disruption of the United States' (1863). The suppression of the Rebellion possibly had something to do with the historian's failure to continue this work beyond the first volume. The six volumes of 'The History of the Norman Conquest,' his most famous book, appeared in 1867-79; 'Old English History for Children' (1869), 'History of the Cathedral Church of Wells' (1870), 'Historical Essays' (1871), 'General Sketch of European History,' 'Growth of the English Constitution' and 'The Unity of History' (1872), 'Comparative Politics' (1873), 'Disestablishment and Disendowment' (1874), 'The Turks in Europe' and 'The Ottoman Power in Europe' (1877), 'How the Study of History is Let and Hindered' (1879), 'A Short history of the Norman Conquest' (1880), 'Historical Geography of Europe' and 'Sketches from the Subject and Neighbor Lands of Venice' (1881), 'Introduction to American Institutional History,' 'The Reign of William Rufus' and 'Lectures to American Audiences' (1882), 'English Towns and Districts' and 'Some Impressions of the United States' (1883), 'The Office of the Historical Professor' (1884), 'The Methods of Historical Study' (1886); 'The Chief Periods of European History' and (in the series of Historic Towns, edited by himself) 'Exeter' (1887), 'Fifty Years of European History' and (in the Twelve English Statesmen Series) 'William the Conqueror' (1888); and 'History of Sicily from the Earliest Times' (1891), the third volume of which is expected to appear this spring.

What *The Critic* said of 'William Rufus' in 1882 might be said also of the earlier and more famous work, 'The Norman Conquest':—It is the sustained interest in the characters of his drama as men and women that is the first charm of Mr. Freeman's volumes; the second is the charm of his style, so purely Saxon that it might almost be a contemporary chronicle.

Prof. Freeman's 'Impressions of the United States' were derived during a visit of six months in 1882, when he came over to lecture before the students at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

Writing of 'Social Life at Oxford' in *Harper's Monthly*, some time ago, Miss Ethel Arnold made the following reference to Prof. Freeman:—

Striking in a westerly direction down Museum Street, and under the quaint old archway of the Lamb and Flag, into the broad stretch of St. Giles, one comes upon a fine old gray stone house, which has in its time been through a variety of vicissitudes. At one time it was used equally as the judges' lodges during the assizes and as a girls' high-school. Now it is in the hands of Prof. Freeman and his two daughters. Freeman, who was elected to the Regius Professorship of Modern History, succeeding Professor (now Bishop) Stubbs, is one of the most individual figures in Oxford, and his excitability and impetuous temperament give rise to endless stories of more or less doubtful authenticity. His lectures are generally well attended—a feature rare indeed among professional lectures—and are always full of interest and stimulus. He is an ardent anti-vivisectionist, and took a vigorous part in the agitation against the grant for Professor Burdon Sanderson's new laboratory. In the great debate of convocation on the subject which was held in the Sheldonian Theatre, he was one of the most impassioned of the opposition speakers, and in spite of the fact that his words were completely drowned by the shouts of the undergraduates from the gallery above him, he continued to speak with unabated enthusiasm till he had said all he wanted to say—with the result that the scene was not without its humor to a disinterested spectator.

### "The Foresters"

THE PRODUCTION of Lord Tennyson's new pastoral play, 'The Foresters,' at Daly's Theatre, was one of the most interesting theatrical events that has occurred in this city for many a day, not on account of the dramatic merit of the piece itself, but because of the great fame and age of the author, the novelty of the experiment, the perfection of the stage-setting and the general curiosity in the literary and artistic world concerning the nature of a work about which so much secrecy had been observed. There can be no doubt that the representation, upon the whole, was successful; but what proportion of credit for this result is due to the Laureate and what to the manager is another question. By no stretch of the imagination could the play be called a great one, but it is a remarkable performance for an octogenarian, especially in the freshness, almost youthfulness, of its spirit, the truthfulness of its local coloring, its glow of patriotism, and the odor of the woodland that pervades it.

Lord Tennyson has made no great effort in the direction of originality. He has simply collected such bits of legend or anecdote relating to Robin Hood and Maid Marian as yet survive, and strung them together upon one of the slenderest threads ever offered as a clue to a dramatic mystery, eking out his materials with suggestions plainly borrowed from 'Ivanhoe,' 'As You Like It' and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' His hero and heroine have been idealized a little, but not enough to transform or disguise them. Marian, for instance, is the daughter of a knight, and is pursued by a most unwelcome wooer, the Sheriff of Nottingham, who holds a mortgage on her father's lands, and demands his bond or her hand in marriage. Robin, her lover, is the Earl of Huntingdon, a loyal subject of the lion-hearted Richard and a sworn foe to the cowardly and malignant Regent, John, who seizes his lands and banishes him for his fidelity to his absent King. Thus it is that Robin becomes an outlaw, and all this is told in the first act; after which the scene changes to different parts of Sherwood Forest, where Marian, fleeing from the hateful sheriff in the disguise of a young knight, is encountered by her lover, compelled to confess her identity to avoid a fight, and promptly enthroned as the Queen of the Forest. Even in this Sylvan retreat she is not safe from the persecution of the Sheriff and his ally, John, but at the critical moment Richard returns from the wars, exchanges the traditional buffets with Friar Tuck and the rest, restores Robin to his honors and reestablishes the general happiness.

The story is told with a curious lack of dramatic insight and an evidently unconscious defiance of all laws of construction and probability which betoken complete unfamiliarity with stage necessities; but the literary quality of the dialogue, studiously simple as the greater part of it is, is delightful in its clearness, terseness and purity, in the nice choice and arrangement of words and the aptness and force of each epithet or simile. The piece contains no lofty or prolonged poetic flights, but abounds in lines and phrases of the true, albeit not of the highest, Tennysonian quality. The inspiration of the old poet is weaker than of yore, but much of his exquisite art remains, as is proved fully by the grace and delicacy of the little lyrics, some of them little more than couplets, which he has sprinkled through the work, and which Sir Arthur Sullivan has set to charming and appropriate music. Several of these are likely to enjoy a popularity more enduring than that of the play itself.

Of the acting there is little to be said, because there is so little of it to be done. Miss Ada Rehan makes a most fascinating Marian, and plays the part with winning grace, while John Drew is a capable representative of the bold Robin and George Clarke of the gallant Cœur de Lion. Little John, Friar Tuck, the Sheriff, King John and the rest are all in safe hands, but there are few opportunities for personal distinction. Mr. Daly has provided a stage-setting of great perfection and beauty. The scenes in the forest are admirably designed and painted, and the one interior, a baronial hall, is capital in form, size, solidity and color. As for the fairy pictures, with their troops of attractive maidens bearing floral sprays, in which each bud is illuminated by a tiny electric light, no more brilliant or novel spectacle has been seen on the stage for years.

We present two of the lyrics in full. The first is Marian's, in the first act:—

Love flew in at the window,

As Wealth walk'd in at the door.

'You have come for you saw Wealth coming,' said I.

But he flutter'd his wings with a sweet little cry,

'I'll cleave to you rich or poor.'

Wealth dropt out of the window,

Poverty crept through the door.

' Well now you would fain follow Wealth, said I,  
But he flutter'd his wings as he gave me the lie,  
' I cling to you all the more.'

The other—still more charming—runs as follows:—

To sleep ! to sleep ! The long bright day is done,  
And darkness rises from the fallen sun.  
To sleep ! to sleep !  
Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day ;  
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away.  
To sleep ! to sleep !  
Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past !  
Sleep, happy soul ! all life will sleep at last.  
To sleep ! to sleep !

It is an interesting fact that the song beginning 'There is no land like England' was written more than sixty years ago, having been published in 1830 in the first volume to which the poet affixed his name. The body of the song is unchanged, but the chorus is new. Originally it was:—

CHORUS.—For the French, the Pope may shrieve 'em,  
For the devil a whit we heed 'em :  
As for the French, God speed 'em  
Unto their heart's desire,  
And the merry devil drive 'em  
Thro' the water and the fire.

FULL CHORUS.—Our glory is our freedom,  
We lord it o'er the sea ;  
We are the sons of freedom,  
We are free.

The London *Globe* predicts trouble in regard to the question of copyright for Mr. Daly. The prediction is based on a letter signed 'A Lawyer,' in which it is emphatically declared that the performance given on Thursday morning at the Lyceum Theatre, London, for copyright purposes only—the performance having been secretly prepared and the play secretly performed—was not 'public,' as was intended by the Copyright Law. It is said at Daly's Theatre that the performance in London was a public one, as an admission fee of a guinea was charged for it, and was paid by each of the people who attended. It was maintained that the performance thus fulfilled the requirements of the law, and that Mr. Daly's copyright in England was perfectly secure and defensible.

Lord and Lady Tennyson, although in excellent health, did not attend the Lyceum performance. Lady Tennyson has thus far composed the music to thirty of her husband's lyrics, another series of selections from which will be sung at a concert by her ladyship's protégé, Janoth a, in May.

Macmillan & Co. will publish 'The Foresters' in book form, in the same style as their new edition of the poet's works, on Tuesday next; March 29.

### The Lounger

NO ONE WAS disappointed last Monday evening in Mr. George William Curtis's address on James Russell Lowell, originally delivered in Brooklyn on Washington's Birthday, and repeated in the theatre of the Manhattan Athletic Club, this city, under the auspices of the New York Kindergarten Association. Considerable extracts from the address were made in these columns on March 5; but it was even better as a whole than one would have fancied from these detached passages, and Mr. Curtis's finished oratory added the only charm the printed periods lacked. The theatre was packed (so closely packed, indeed, that it took a long while to empty it through the single inadequate exit, after the lecture was over); and among the auditors seated on the platform or in the boxes were Mr. E. L. Godkin, editor of *The Evening Post*, to whom Lowell's 'Three Memorial Poems' were dedicated; and Messrs. Edmund Clarence Stedman, Carl Schurz, Hamilton W. Mabie, Henry Villard and George W. Vanderbilt. In introducing Mr. Curtis, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder read the epigrammatic couplets in which Lowell not many years ago characterized his old friend and present eulogist, the occupant of the Easy Chair; to whom the speaker himself truly referred as 'the most distinguished American citizen in public life who has never held office.' Altogether, the occasion was an interesting and memorable one. The sum raised for the Kindergarten Association was \$1100 to \$1200.

SAID *The Athenaeum* last week:—' Mr. Rudyard Kipling and his bride, Max O'Rell and his wife and daughter, sail from San Francisco on the 31st of March by s.s. Monowai, the former for Honolulu, on his way to the Samoa Islands, the latter for Sydney, to give 250 lectures in the Australasian colonies.' A burnt child dreads the fire, and a wise one shuns it; and I have been misled too often by newspaper reports of the flittings of that will-o'-the-wisp Rudyard Kipling to depend on even so solemn an asseveration

as *The Athenaeum's*. Writing to Mrs. Kipling to learn how true the statement was, I received in due season this reply:—' We expect to sail in the Empress of India, on April 6, from Vancouver for Japan. From Japan we shall go to China, and so on to Singapore, down by Batavia and Torres Strait to Sydney, New South Wales, and from there over to New Zealand. From Auckland we shall go to Samoa, and returning thence to Australia, we shall go up to Ceylon and India.' Whether the Max O'Rells will stick as closely as the Kiplings to the course marked out for them by the London journalist, I am not prepared to say.

MR. AND MRS. POULTNEY BIGELOW started for London, their present home, on the *Britannic*, on Wednesday. Mr. Bigelow will visit Russia shortly, to see what precautions are taken there to prevent the washing away of the sandy shores of the Baltic, and report thereupon to the United States Government with a view to the application of Russian methods to the problem of resisting the depredations of the Atlantic along the New Jersey coast and elsewhere. Mr. Frederic Remington will accompany him, and six illustrated articles from the pen of the former and the pencil of the latter will give a popular account of the trip in forthcoming numbers of *Harper's Monthly*. Mr. Bigelow is writing a book about his recent canoe voyage down the Danube, and will publish it through Charles L. Webster & Co., with illustrations by himself. Mr. Frank Millett's account of the same journey, with his own illustrations, will be written for Harper & Bros. The canoe in which Mr. Bigelow descended the Danube was afterwards polished up and presented to the German Emperor, who had expressed a fancy for it; his next adventures will find him in a boat that exactly duplicates it.

AT THE CHURCH of the Divine Paternity, on Feb. 28, Col. T. W. Higginson prefaced his lecture on 'Young Men and the Literary Life' with this allusion to the former pastor of the congregation that worships within its walls:—

I do not know, my friends, how I can retaliate so effectively upon Dr. Eaton for the too lavish courtesy with which he has introduced me as to dwell for a moment upon a subject not always agreeable in the ears of younger clergymen, but, I am sure, agreeable to his—the great and remarkable qualities of his predecessor. I cannot easily stand in the pulpit once occupied by Dr. Chapin, who I may perhaps venture to call my friend, having spent long summers with him by the seashore, without paying a tribute to the reputation which fades too easily of a great preacher and a great lecturer whose strength really came from the fact that there was a great humanity behind all he said.

These words might be applied with no less force and fitness to another distinguished preacher and leader, still more recently deceased. Next Tuesday (March 29) will be the first anniversary of the death of the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby—one of the most earnest, intellectual and unselfish men it has ever been the privilege of New York to reckon amongst her citizens. It is but a year since his vigorous voice and pen ceased to be raised almost daily in the public service, and with no other thought or purpose than the public good.

IF DR. CROSBY had felt solely responsible for the mental, moral and physical condition of this great city, he could not have consecrated his talents more fully to the task of improving it—a task that must have seemed to him at times almost hopeless. Yet if he occasionally felt discouraged, he never relaxed his efforts one jot or tittle; and when he died he died in the harness. And the city he died in, bad as it is, in many respects, is still less bad than that in which he was born; nor can anyone deny that an appreciable part in the improvement was due to his personal exertions. 'I was a citizen,' Dr. Crosby once publicly pleaded when assailed for seeking the political purification of the city, 'I was a citizen before I was a clergyman.' A brief, unbiased, well-written life of this native New Yorker would be an invaluable handbook of citizenship, and a fitting tribute to his civic services. But no such volume has appeared, nor have I heard that any such is contemplated; and the name of this model man, once so constantly in people's mouths, seems to have been almost forgotten within a twelve-month of his death.

I DON'T KNOW where I have seen a more beautiful face than that of the late Mrs. Clough, whose portrait has been printed in *The Pall Mall Budget*. The beauty is not only of feature, but of expression, even more. No wonder the sweet girl graduates and the sweet girl undergraduates loved her! It will be hard to replace such a woman. It is said that no dignitary of Oxford or Cambridge was ever buried with greater honors than were accorded the late Principal of Newnham.

A BILL HAS been introduced at Albany with a view to protecting the interests of the public, in the matter of beneficent bequests. It provides, in effect, says the *Tribune*,

that no gift, grant, bequest or device to religious, charitable or benevolent uses, which shall in other respects be valid under the laws of this State, shall be invalid because of the indefiniteness or uncertainty of the persons named as beneficiaries. If a trustee is named, the title rests for the purposes of the trust in such trustee; otherwise in the Supreme Court. The Attorney-General is authorized to represent beneficiaries in cases in which the persons to be benefited are uncertain. If such a law had been upon the statute books a few years ago the noble bequests of Mr. Tilden, Mr. Ogden and others for the public benefit could not have been nullified, through the avarice of contesting heirs.

If this were a bill providing for the erection of road-houses and stables in Central Park, for the accommodation of 'man and beast' (of the Tammany brand), or confiscating all public bequests in favor of the members of the New York Board of Aldermen, its prompt passage by the Legislature, endorsement by the Governor and enforcement by the local minions of the law would be a foregone conclusion. A bill to turn the Park into a racetrack runs its course as fast as bad news or falsehood; a measure devised in the interest of the people is usually handicapped, held back and finally knocked on the head by legislative 'strikers,' or 'statesmen' of the stripe of Tweed.

WHEN I SAID last week that there was to be no further discussion of a certain phase of the 'woman question' in these columns, I did not foresee that a typographical error in one of the budgets of communications then printed would clamor for correction; but Schopenhauer, writing of the will, said that women 'have no genius'—not that they 'have no *genuine*!' The fallibility of types is enough to make pessimists of us all.

M. C. WRITES to me as follows:—"Die Kunst ist lang und flüchtig ist unser Leben," said Faust in a passage cribbed by Longfellow, I find in a notice of Oscar Browning's 'Goethe' in *The Critic* of March 5. No more "cribbed" by Longfellow than by Goethe. The aphorism 'life is brief and art is long,' is Hippocrates, who wrote some 2150 years before Goethe

διος βράχυς η δε τεχνη μακρη

Seneca (A.D. 60) has, in "De Brevitate Vitæ," "vitam brevem asse longam arte." In "The Assembly of Fowles" (1358), one of Chaucer's minor poems, we have "The lyfe so short, the craft so long to learn." In "Faust" (1806) it is Wagner and not Faust who speaks the line. Again we find it in "Wilhelm Meister," VII, 9 (1821). In Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" the stanza is:—

Art is long and time is fleeting  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

The last line is borrowed from Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Humorous Lieutenant," III., 5:—"Our lives are but our marches to the grave."

CALLING OUR ATTENTION to the old Greek's Aphorism as given above, Mr. H. Hartshorne of Philadelphia writes:—"This utterance of the Father of Medicine seems to have become a part of the proverbial common stock of literature; to use which is no more plagiarism than for an Arab to say 'Allah il Allah' after Mohammed, or for a modern preacher to say 'Vanity of vanities' after Solomon. Are we not too much afraid of the repeated use of inevitable thoughts and phrases? Lowell says much in defence of idealizing commonplaces in his essay on Gray; and, writing of Keats, whom some critics have charged with not being original, Lowell remarks:—"The thought or feeling a thousand times repeated becomes his at last who utters it best." Longfellow has been so often of late years called commonplace, that Lowell's justification of Gray may be well remembered as applicable also to him; he borrowed nothing which he did not abundantly adorn and make his own."

MR. LANG is nothing if not light and airy. This is the way he recently commended a trashy novel to the readers of *Longman's Magazine*:—

To persons destitute of culture (to whom I wish a Happy New Year) I venture to recommend a novel which, in one way, is an educational force. It is written in such amazingly bad English, or American, that it might be given to young writers 'to breathe themselves on' by correcting its solecisms. The author's taste is not much better than his grammar. But 'My Official Wife,' by Colonel Savage (Routledge), contains a new and entertaining story. With all its obvious drawbacks, it will make a journey shorter, and is not easily laid down unfinished, unless one's taste and scholarship compel one to lay it down at first.

The grammar is simply nowhere, but the interest never flags, and though you detest the characters, you are compelled to hurry on till you learn what became of them all."

HARPER & BROS. have just published 'A New Saint's Tragedy,' by Thomas A. Pinkerton. In the popular mind the name of Pinkerton has long been associated with sinners rather than saints, though the tragic element has not been lacking in the cases in which the noted family of detectives have been concerned. The Pinkertons could supply a sensational story-writer with quite as much material, and as good, as Julian Hawthorne obtained from Inspector Byrnes.

## The Fine Arts

### Two Books on Ornamental Designing

MR. LEWIS F. DAY is pretty well-known as a successful pattern designer, and he has, before now, written some useful books on the principles and practise of his art, but nothing likely to be of as much interest to an art-loving but somewhat puzzled public as his new work, 'Nature in Ornament' (\$4.50). We are almost overwhelmed by ornament, and most of it is nothing if not naturalistic. Doubtless the fact indicates a popular demand, and the demand springs from a real want; yet there is something unsatisfying about the very prompt and liberal supply. Mr. Day makes apparent what the trouble is: it is the absence of design, of imagination, of any attempt to fit natural form to the place, the material and the tools. He shows by a multitude of examples how boldly and successfully the forms of nature have been so treated in the past, how they have been simplified or elaborated as occasion required, how sometimes a flower or spray has grown out of free play with the brush, and sometimes a plant has been so conventionalized that only a suggestion of life remains. He draws his illustrations from every sort of work, and from all ages—from Coptic tapestries, Lyons silks, Greek vase-drawings, Assyrian carvings. He shows that Nature has not been by any means exhausted, that she still offers numberless suggestions to the designer. But it is chiefly as an appeal for a bold, unilateral but intelligent treatment of nature that his book is to be recommended. This doctrine he preaches successfully by example as well as precept. The modern renderings of the thistle, of the vine and others are worthy of comparison with the best ancient designs.—MR. FRANK G. JACKSON'S 'Lessons on Decorative Design' (\$2) cover nearly the same ground as Mr. Day's book, but in less space and with fewer and less well-chosen illustrations. He is, however, a clever and interesting writer, and presents succinctly and correctly the principles which underlie not only decorative design, but composition of all sorts, from the laying of a dinner-table to the writing of a poem. He begins by maintaining, against Mr. Ruskin, that anyone who will observe these principles may design ornament with the very slightest expenditure of intelligence, and he ends by showing how the Greek acanthus leaf may have been an evolution of the conventional painted ornament that preceded it. Strictly speaking, he is right. Ornament of a sort may be, and in fact is, turned out by rule of thumb; but it is not the sort of ornament that Mr. Ruskin had in mind, nor were Greek artisans indifferent to the hints offered by nature. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

### Art Notes

AN UNCOMMONLY interesting exhibition of drawings and sketches by Blake, Turner and Gainsborough is open at Keppel's. The Blake drawings, which are the most important, with a few exceptions belong to Dr. Charles E. West of Brooklyn, and were exhibited last year at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. They include seven of the illustrations, so well-known through reproductions, to Blair's 'Grave,' and many highly imaginative though puzzling compositions from the artist's own incoherent writings. The Turner drawings are mostly pencil sketches, in a few instances slightly washed with color. They are studies of trees, houses, and a few interesting studies of larger landscape studies in outline. Among the Gainsboroughs are several fine crayon drawings of considerable intrinsic interest, such as 'An Inlet of the Sea' and 'A Ruined Cottage.' Other drawings are by Wilkie, Morland, Bartolozzi, Cox and Wilson. One of those by Wilson is an uncommonly good example, an Italian road-side scene, with a stone-pine in front, a hill crowned with buildings in the distance and a river winding far below.

—Many of the most famous of the modern French masters are represented in the collection of the American Art Association, to be exhibited and sold to settle the estate of the recently deceased Mr. Robertson.

—L. Prang & Co., always beforehand with the season, send us a selection of pretty Easter-cards, some of them very highly scented.

—A cabinet painter named Tesson has been sentenced, at Cherbourg, to imprisonment for two months for having 'invented' Millet canvases. A man named Robert, who gave the canvases the necessary look of age, was sentenced to eleven months, while a Mme. Turbert, who brought the victims to the conspirators, was locked up for fifteen days.

—Troyon's 'Watering-Place' (which is owned in America), etched by Chauvel, is the frontispiece of the April *Magazine of Art*. The etching is very good, yet fails to suggest the effect of veiled and subdued sunlight, which is the finest quality of the original. Mr. Charles Whibley rambles among the old masters at the Royal Academy, and his article is illustrated with reproductions of pictures of Sir Joshua, Constable and Rembrandt. Theodore Child begins an account of the 'Art-Treasures of the Comédie Française,' which include statues by Clesinger, David d'Angers, Falguière and Audran, a staircase with caryatides by Carrier-Gelleuse, a whole gallery of busts and pictures innumerable. The artists, as a rule, took their pay in free admissions.

—The Grolier Club will give an exhibition next month of missals, books-of-hours and ancient MSS., including the manuscript 'Les Abus du Monde' of the poet Gringoire, presented by him to the Seigneur d'Estouteville.

—The original illustrations by Boucher for the 'Metamorphoses' of Ovid, which cost fifty years ago 250/-, were recently sold for 27,500/-.

—London is enjoying an exhibition of Whistler's paintings. Exhibitions of his etchings have often been seen in London, but only, an occasional painting has been shown to the public. A 'special' to the Chicago *Tribune* says that in the present exhibition Whistler has given himself up entirely to nocturnes, and his most attractive work is his Carlyle, which has been sold to the Corporation Gallery of Glasgow. Whistler, by the way, is working on a commission received from the World's Fair. The committee was probably actuated by sentimental motives. The grandfather of Whistler selected the site for Chicago in 1803, and as a tribute of poetic justice it was suggested that the honor of commemorating the exhibition should fall to his illustrious descendant.

—Ninety-one oil-paintings belonging to the estate of Robert L. Cutting were sold at Chickering Hall on Tuesday evening for \$111,130, 'The Return to the Convent,' by Zamacois, bringing the highest price—\$16,000.

### Very Wild(e) Pomegranates

*The Atheneum* is sarcastic at the expense of the Apostle of *Aestheticism* :—

Mr. Oscar Wilde has been good enough to explain since the publication of his book, that it was intended neither for the 'British Child' nor for the 'British Public,' but for the cultured few who can appreciate its subtle charms. The same exiguous but admiring band will 'doubtless comprehend why a volume of allegories should be described as 'A House of Pomegranates,' which we must confess is not apparent to our perverse and blunted intellect. It consists of four storeys (we mean stories)—'The Young King,' 'The Birthday of the Infanta,' 'The Fisherman and his Soul,' and 'The Star-Child,' each dedicated to a lady of Mr. Wilde's acquaintance, and all characterized by the peculiar faults and virtues of his highly artificial style. The allegory, as we have had occasion to remark on former occasions, when discussing the work of Lady Dilke and Miss Olive Schreiner in this particular field, is one of the most difficult of literary forms. In Mr. Wilde's 'House of Pomegranates' there is too much straining after effect, and too many wordy descriptions; but at the same time there is a good deal of forcible and poetic writing scattered through its pages, and its scenes have more color and consistence than those which we criticised in 'Dreams' and 'The Shrine of Love.' Mr. Wilde resembles the modern manager who crowds his stage with aesthetic upholstery and *bric-a-brac* until the characters have scarcely room to walk about. Take this inventory of the contents of a chamber in the young king's palace, which reads for all the world like an extract from a catalogue at Christie's :—

After some time he rose from his seat, and leaning against the carved penthouse of the chimney looked round at the dimly-lit room. The walls were hung with rich tapestries representing the Triumph of Beauty. A large press, inlaid with agate and lapis-lazuli, filled one corner, and facing the window stood a curiously wrought cabinet with lacquer panels powdered and mosaiced gold, on which were placed some delicate

goblets of Venetian glass and a cup of dark-veined onyx. Pale poppies were brodered on the silk coverlet of the bed, as though they had fallen from the tired hands of Sleep, and tall reeds of fluted ivory bare up the velvet canopy, from which great tufts of ostrich plumes sprang, like white foam, to the pallid silver of the fretted ceiling. A laughing Narcissus in green bronze held a polished mirror above its head. On the table stood a flat bowl of amethyst.

The adornment of these 'beautiful tales,' as Mr. Wilde modestly calls them, has been entrusted to Messrs. C. Ricketts and C. H. Shannon, and for combined ugliness and obscurity it would be hard, we imagine, to beat them. The full-page illustrations are so indistinctly printed that whatever excellence they may possess is lost to view, while the grotesque black-and-white woodcuts are hideous to behold. It is, perhaps, as well that the book is not meant for the 'British Child'; for it would certainly make him scream, according to his disposition, with terror or amusement.

### Clark Russell on Dana and Melville

[From 'A Claim for American Literature,' in *The North-American Review*.]

UNTIL Richard H. Dana and Herman Melville wrote, the commercial sailor of Great Britain and the United States was without representation in literature. Dana and Melville were Americans. They were the first to lift the hatch and show the world what passes in a ship's forecastle; how men live down in that gloomy cave, how and what they eat, and where they sleep; what pleasures they take, what their sorrows and wrongs are; how they are used when they quit their black sea-parlors in response to the boatswain's silver summons to work on deck by day or by night. These secrets of the deep Dana and Melville disclosed. By doing so, they—the one by a single volume, the other by four or five remarkable narratives—expanded American literature immeasurably beyond the degree to which English literature had been expanded by, say, the works of two-thirds of the poets named in Johnson's 'Lives,' or by the whole series of the Waverley novels, or by half the fiction, together with much of the philosophy, theology, poetry, and history, that has been published since the death of Charles Dickens. For compare what the vast proportion of poets and novelists and philosophers and the rest have done with what these two men did. Dana and Melville created a world, not by the discovery, but by the interpretation of it. They gave us a full view of the life led by tens of thousands of men whose very existence, until these wizards arose, had been as vague to the general land intelligence as the shadows of clouds moving under the brightness of stars. \* \* \*

Dana lifted the curtain and showed you the sort of life hundreds and thousands of those fellow creatures of ours called 'sailors' were living in his day, had been living long prior to his day, and will go on living whilst there remains a ship afloat. No Englishman had done this. Marryat makes his Newton Foster a merchant sailor; but Marryat knew nothing of the hidden life of the merchant service. He had passed his sea life in ships of the State. When he wrote he held command in the Royal Navy, and knew no more of what passed in a merchantman's forecastle than I what goes on in a steamer's engine-room. Fenimore Cooper came very near to the truth in his Ned Myers, but the revelation there is that of the individual. Ned is one man. He is a drunken, swearing, bragging Yankee *only* sailor; very brutal, always disgusting. Cooper's book is true of Ned Myers; Dana's of all sailors, American and English.

His narrative disclosed an unsuspected state of human existence. Never before had the land-going world beheld such a picture of ocean life as Dana submitted. For be it clearly understood that what happened in the 'Pilgrim' and the 'Alert' happens in all ships: years may have wrought a few changes, but the picture of 1840 will stand for the picture of 1891. I speak not, to be sure, of steamers. Dana wrote of the sailing ship, and it is of the sailing ship that I am writing. When you talk of sailors, you do not think of steamers. If you inquire for a seaman, you are conducted to a ship that is not impelled by machinery, but by the wind. You will find the seaman you want, the seaman Dana wrote about, the generic seaman whose interpretation I count among the glories of literature, seeing how hidden he had been, how darkly obscure in his toil and hourly doings—*this* seaman you will find in the deck-house or the forecastle of the sailing ship. He is not thrashed across the Atlantic in six days. He is not swept from the Thames to the uttermost ends of the earth in a month. He is afloat for weeks and weeks at a spell, and his life is that of the crew of the 'Pilgrim.' Do you ask what manner of life it is? Read 'Two Years Before the Mast,' and recognize the claim I make for American literature by witnessing in that book the faultless picture of a scene of existence on whose wide face Richard Dana was the first to fling a light.

Herman Melville—as I gather from an admirable account of this fine author by Mr. Arthur Stedman, a son of the well-known poet—went to sea in 1841. He shipped before the mast on board a whaler and cruised continuously for eighteen months in the Pacific. He saw much ocean life, and his experiences were wild and many. I will not compare him with Dana: his imagination was soaring and splendid, yet there are such passages of pathos and beauty in Dana's book as persuade me that he might have matched Melville's most startling and astonishing inventions, had taste prompted him or leisure invited. There is nothing in Melville to equal in simple, unaffected beauty Dana's description of an old sailor lying over a jibboom on a fine night and looking up at the starless canvas white as sifted snow with moonlight. Full of rich poetry, too, is Dana's description of the still night broken by the breathing of shadowy shapes of whales. Melville is essentially American; Dana writes as a straight-headed Englishman would; he is clear, convincing, utterly unaffected. A subtle odor of the sea refreshes and sweetens his sentences. An educated sailor would swear to Dana's vocation by virtue of his style only—a style as plain and sturdy as Defoe's. In truth, I know of no American writer whose style is so good. Yet are Melville's pictures of the forecastle life, his representation of what goes on under the deck of that part of the ship which is thumped by the handspike of the boatswain when he echoes in thunder the order of 'All hands!' marvellously and delightfully true. I will not speak of his faithful and often beautiful and often exquisite sketches of the life and scenery of the South Sea Islands, nor of his magnificent picture of Liverpool, and the descriptions of London and of English scenery in 'Redburn,' and the wonderful opening chapters of 'Moby Dick.' I link him with Dana; I place the two side by side as men of genius, but sailors first of all, and I claim, in their name, that to American literature the world owes the first, the best, and the enduring revelation of the secrets of one great side of the ocean life.

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

### Current Criticism

**THE SECRETS OF AUTHORSHIP.**—The Boston *Transcript* has an interesting article wherein is treated the disinclination of authors to discuss their methods. It is possible that this disinclination arises largely from a purely business instinct. The mystery with which the processes of composition are enveloped is the strongest fortress an author can possess; it serves in a measure the high protective purposes and ends of that splendid editorial 'we.' Humanity is always curious to know what makes the wheels go 'round, and we are all particularly curious to find out not only the conditions under which, but also the methods by which, certain great results in literature have been wrought. Yet once possessed of the information we have craved, the chances are as ten to one that our admiration of the author is diminished to a marked degree. We are shocked to learn, for example, that Tennyson has made it a constant practice to employ the service of a rhyming dictionary to aid him in the framing of his beautiful poems. How scandalized was every literary man by the confessions of Anthony Trollope! Every writer would seem to owe it not only to himself, but also to his profession, to conceal from the knowledge of the public the method of literary composition; the exposition simply belittles the work and cheapens the workers. It is folly to suppose that the public can be hoodwinked, but it is true that the public can be handled to better purpose when it is in a condition of suspense. Our reverence for the conjurer is dissipated when, for a small extra fee, he explains the exceeding simplicity of the trick which he imposed upon our senses, and we can have precious little regard for any artist or artisan who, however deft he may be, gives the snap away either to confound folk with their own credulity or to put a few paltry pence into his own pocket. The practice is alike opposed to the first principles of business, of honor and of delicacy.—*Eugene Field, in the Chicago News.*

**THE FUNGI OF LITERATURE.**—There is a class of books constantly increasing in number, whose titles even are never met with in the review columns of any respectable journal, but which come bearing with them their own recommendations, thrifly bound up in the same cover against chance of loss. Sometimes it is an admiring friend of the author who writes an historical letter modeled after those interesting bits of personal biography furnished to the proprietors of patent medicines, certifying to the moral and mental refreshment he, or more usually she, has derived from its perusal. Many of these books are written by young women, who not only append their full names to their work, but often add the gravity of a photograph, that the world may have the privilege of gazing upon the outward of the genius that created it. As unfortunately no camera has yet been constructed sufficiently subtle to catch the

lambent flame of genius, these well-intentioned likenesses do not differ materially from those of the common feminine herd, whose portraits may be seen hanging about the entrance to any photograph gallery. In point of beauty, perhaps, there are faces in the doorway galleries that have the advantage, but then they are probably likenesses of young women who never commit the indiscretion of thinking. It is really very sad to think of the amount of effort worse than thrown away upon these obscure and unsavory productions, of the fierce competition for a prize so little worth winning, and which, poor as it is, is still denied; for, do what they will, they can never rise above the lowest order of fungi even in their own arid and unprofitable world. One can but reflect how much happier and more useful these young women might have been in the old simple way of life, content to fill the modest sphere to which their natural gifts adapted them, turning their wit and intelligence to the brightening and cheering of the lives of those about them, and, satisfied with the loving praise of these, happily ignorant of the bitterness of envious strife and the pangs of disappointed ambition. Poor deflowered souls who have not even gained your world! What reward have ye?—*The New Orleans Times Democrat.*

**RENAN 'THE IAGO OF CLERICALISM.'**—As a writer of prose he is direct rather than elegant, resolutely lucid rather than delicate of speech. Fancy, lightness, artful thought or passionate diction are the tropics to his Arctic circle. They have no commerce with him. He is avid for facts, for the grand movements of mankind, for history in the mass. As a critic he has the sharpness and the narrowness of a screw-driver; he turns neither to the right nor to the left. He runs between blinkers and looks straight ahead. He has been compared to Voltaire, and no comparison could be less fortunate. Renan prances upon the Old and the New Testament like any destructive cart-horse. He is serious in a portentous measure. \* \* \* Half priest and whole agnostic, he has achieved a wide reputation by reason of the subject-matter of his work. If that work shall live who shall say? For critical schools come and go; and M. Renan is the Iago of clericalism—he is nothing if not critical.—*The National Observer.*

**'DIALECT, PROFANITY AND BABIES.'**—The free use of dialect in the 'American Short Story,' being a thing both modern and American, could hardly miss the meed of Mr. Howells's commendation. He was none the less likely to praise it because several English critics of light and leading have loudly denounced it. The curse of Babel seems never to have fallen on the English reader till now; he never felt it till now. The confusion of the English tongue in the American Babel is worse confounded in the mouths of Californians, New Mexicans, French Canadians, and the dwellers in the Tennessee Mountains—to say nothing of the niggers, the creoles, and the Hans Breitmanns. 'Uncle Remus' is a sealed book to one or two of our ablest critics, if they are to be taken at their word; and some of Mr. Cable's stories read like a polyglot conversation-book. And the Englishman says in his haste that the great American story is nothing but dialect, profanity and babies. Mr. Howells bases his defence on a right ground—if, indeed, an ancient license of literature can be said to need defence, which has at its back so great an array of authority. To keep in touch with the racy talk of the people is to keep the springs of living language running; and to have one safeguard, among others, against a real danger: the crystallizing of diction into the worst kind of dialect of all—a merely literary dialect out of relation to living usage. Of course a writer with real dramatic instinct is bound to reproduce, and always has reproduced, the talk of the people he has observed, in their native idiom and with all their racy turn of expression.—*The St. James's Gazette.*

**SCIENTIFIC CLASSIFICATION OF LITERATURE**—The demesne of literature then is no longer to be held exempt from the reign of law. A scientific observer is now able to classify some forms of government, some social customs, as survivals of obsolescent conditions, and others as containing the germs of indefinite development in harmony with impending, inevitable, new conditions; and since such classification means that the former should be promoted and the latter discouraged by far-sighted statesmen and philosophers, it is not improper for a Spencer or a Fiske to recoin the words, 'good' and 'bad,' purged of any absolute theological meaning of 'virtue' or 'sin,' and apply them respectively to the methods of the future and the methods decadent and effete. So far, then, as M. Zola, or M. Scherer, or Mr. Howells classifies novels or plays accurately in such manner, and expresses praise or blame only in such limited scientific sense, he does more than merely record his personal opinions; he states nothing but a verifiable generalization similar to the generalizations that are made by every

historian who is more than a bald chronicler, by every scientific man who co-ordinates facts, and not merely collects them to be co-ordinated by others. Any one who studies literature in this scientific spirit is, then, a critic in the true sense of the word, for such scientific classification is itself a judgment, judging inevitably and without appeal, so far as it is exact, 'as the sun judges, falling round a helpless thing.' It is, at any rate, something more, and something more significant, than the current criticism deplored by Mr. Lang, as not criticism at all, but 'an item of literary news, or a brief summary. \* \* \* or it may be a puff, \* \* \* or may be a spiteful insult.'—George Pelewe, in *Learner and Teacher*.

### Notes

M. PADEREWSKI will give a farewell concert to-morrow (Sunday) evening at the Metropolitan Opera House, for the benefit of the Washington Arch Fund. The act is entirely voluntary on his part. Col. Henry Higginson has offered the services of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Boxes will be \$40 and \$30 each, and the seats will range from \$1.50 to \$3. Tickets are for sale at Schubert's, 23 Union Square. It is said that the famous Polish pianist has made \$100,000 during his first visit to America.

—Of the dramatization of 'Col. Carter of Cartersville,' brought out at Palmer's Theatre on Tuesday evening, we shall have something to say next week.

—Prof. Geo. J. Romanes has arranged with the Open Court Publishing Co. to bring out an American edition of his latest work, 'Darwin and After Darwin,' simultaneously with the English edition.

—Mr. Conan Doyle writes to a friend in Albany:—'It may interest you to know that my new book, "The Refugees," which I have just finished, drifts from the court of Louis XIV., through Canada, and down through your own old city of Albany. Somehow my heart ever turns westward. The larger body of our own race lies there now and perhaps there is a law of peoples, as there is of physics, by which the smaller is drawn to the larger.'

—Mr. Moncure D. Conway will return to London, and resume his lectures before the South Place Society, beginning in October next and continuing in the work for six months. He will then come back to New York, which will remain his home.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Hawthorne's authorized publishers, have adopted the best possible plan of campaign against the unauthorized republishers of 'The Scarlet Letter,' the copyright upon which has just expired. Not only have they published a very neat Universal Edition, in cloth at 50 cents and paper at 25—the prices charged for the Waverley Co.'s reprint,—but they are now bringing out a very pretty Salem Edition in cloth at 30 cents and paper at 15. This leaves their competitors nowhere.

—'Personality,' by the Rev. Samuel R. Fuller, will be published to-day by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—A portrait of Dr. W. J. Rolfe is the appropriate frontispiece of the first number of *Harper's Bulletin of Text-Books*, as the Harper list includes three series edited by this well known educator and Shakespearian student—the English Classics, Select English and Rolfe's Shakespeare.

—John H. Finley, editor of *The Charities Review*, published by The Critic Co. for the Charity Organization Society, was elected on Tuesday to the Presidency of Knox College, Galesburg, Ill.—an office in which all his predecessors have been clergymen. Mr. Finley is probably the youngest college president in the country, being only twenty-eight years of age. He is a native of Illinois and a B.A. of Knox College, his post-graduate studies in political and social science having been pursued at Johns Hopkins University, where, with Prof. Ely, he wrote a book on 'Taxation in American States and Cities' (1888). For three years he has been the Secretary of the State Board of Charity.

—Cardinal Gibbons has written an article on 'Patriotism and Politics' for the April *North American Review*. The extraordinary rapidity with which French girls are becoming Americanized is the subject of an essay by Mme. Adam.

—Miss Katherine Pearson Woods thinks of calling her next book, to be issued by the Appletons in May, 'Salted with Fire.' The title—not a happy one—is taken from Mark ix. 49. The 'motive' of the story is the asserted potential existence in every human being of a power by which miracles might and may still be wrought. It is the converse of hypnotism, and is called in the story 'vitalmism.'

—A dispute between D. Appleton & Co. and the executors of Jefferson Davis over certain advances to the compilers of Davis's memoirs, has been decided by the arbitrator in favor of the publishers. The amount involved was about \$2500.

—Some time ago the management of the Aldine Club arranged for an annual subscription dinner (the first of a series) to be eaten at the club-house on Friday evening of this week. Ladies' day has been fixed for to-day—Saturday.

—Macmillan & Co. have made arrangements to add to their Dollar Novels Series the most popular of the novels of Charles Dickens—accurate reprints of the first editions, accompanied by all the original illustrations. There will be prefixed to each an introduction by Mr. Charles Dickens, the novelist's eldest son. Messrs. Macmillan will issue early in April a work by Prof. J. Henry Middleton, on the 'Remains of Ancient Rome,' in two illustrated volumes.

—Mr. Harold Frederic cables as follows to the New York *Times*:—

Queen Victoria's place in the estimation of the purely literary world will scarcely be raised by the intelligence that she has decided that Marie Corelli is better worth reading than any other modern novelist. Her Majesty has had all these remarkable works collected and bound in Windsor form and will have nothing else read to her. She also says, or permits it to be reported she says, most astonishingly laudatory things about them, which Corelli's publishers have spread broadcast. We have to-day many judicious paragraphs in various papers recounting how her newest novel, 'The Soul of Lilith,' which is to be issued to the vulgar herd on Monday, has already been presented to the Queen in a special pale blue morocco binding and unique type, and how enraptured the Queen is with the gift. The professional reader whose unhappy task it was to read the manuscript assures me that it is the most unspeakable mess of nonsense, bad writing, and bald plagiarism he ever saw in his life. He describes it as a hack-writer's clumsy imitation of Crawford's 'Witch of Prague.'

—Mr. Sebastian Bach Schlesinger, the Reading Railroad's agent in London, has written music for Tennyson's 'Lines on the Death of the Duke of Clarence,' and has 'not only received the personal permission of the Princess of Wales to dedicate it to her, but has a whole sheaf of letters from members of the royal family, from the Queen down, thanking him for copies.'

—Mr. E. S. Nadal will describe in the April *Scribner's* the 'New Parks of the City of New York'—a splendid area of nearly 4000 acres, which cost the city \$9,000,000. The picturesque features of the parks are fully illustrated.

—Mrs. French-Sheldon, the American woman, married to an Englishman, who not long ago conducted an expedition of discovery in Africa among tribes hostile to white men, lectured on Monday night at Chickering Hall before the American Geographical Society. Ex-Chief Justice Charles P. Daly, President of the Society, introduced the lecturer, and for some time Paul B. Du Chaillu and Gen. Viele occupied seats on the platform. The hall was crowded. The *Times* says of the lecturer:—

In personal appearance Mrs. Sheldon is slightly above the middle height of women, of fine figure and erect carriage. She has a clear, dark complexion, dark hair and eyes, her features are strong without masculinity, and her voice is pleasantly low in quality. Several times persons sitting in the rear of the hall asked her to speak louder. Her lecture was conversational in manner, and marked by the utmost simplicity and modesty in telling how she did very surprising things quite as a matter of course.

Mr. Du Chaillu regards Mrs. French-Sheldon's expedition as especially interesting from the fact that it shows that the murder of natives is not a necessary part of the African explorer's work.

—The manuscript and 'notes of an account of her visit to America' were among the contents of Lady Henry Somerset's lost bag, last week. American readers have heard of this loss with considerable equanimity.

—Prof. Jebb, the distinguished Grecian of Cambridge University, England, was due to arrive in this city on Wednesday, on his way to Johns Hopkins University, where he is about to deliver a course of lectures on Greek poetry—the second course in the series inaugurated last year by Mr. Stedman. On Thursday evening a reception in his honor will be given in Baltimore by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull, in memory of whose son Percy the Lecture-ship on Poetry was founded. Mrs. Turnbull is a sister of Miss Grace Denio Litchfield, the successful writer of short stories.

—The second of Mr. Stedman's lectures on 'The Nature and Elements of Poetry' will appear in the April *Century*. In it the writer asks 'What is Poetry?' and attempts 'a search for the very stuff whereof the Muse fashions her transubstantial garments.' Mr. Stedman lectured on 'Beauty' before the Yale Alumni Association, at its meeting at Delmonico's, on the 18th inst.

—Harper & Bros. announce 'American Architecture,' by Montgomery Schuyler; 'Folly and Fresh Air,' by Eden Phillpotts; 'Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman,' by Mrs. W. K. Clifford; 'Tributes to Shakespeare,' by Mary R. Silsby; 'Stories from

English History for Young Americans,' and W. D. Howells's new novel, 'The Quality of Mercy.'

—*Thought News*, a new venture in periodicalism, will be started next month at Ann Arbor—perhaps on April 1. It will appear once a month—or oftener, if the editors have a press of matter on hand.

—Princeton College has for the first time set the requirement of residence and advanced study and research in definite lines, as prerequisites for the granting of advanced degrees. To secure the M.A. and the M.S., there will hereafter be necessary special work amounting to a year's graduate work at the university itself, or to three years' study elsewhere, and the passing of an appropriate examination. The degrees of Ph.D. and Sc.D. will require a correspondingly longer period of study and the production of a thesis in original work.

—New officers of the Grolier Club are: President, Beverley Chew; Vice-President, S. P. Avery; Secretary, Dr. Frederic A. Castle; Treasurer, E. H. Bierstadt. All the officers whose terms expired this year were re-elected to the Council.

—Mr. David Nutt will publish three dramas by W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson, one of which, 'Beau Austin,' was played last year at the Haymarket.

—Mr. Winfield S. Nevins of Salem, Mass., who has been writing of Salem witchcraft in *The New England Magazine*, sends us this note:—'G. B. E. (*Critic*, March 19) is curious to know where I find authority for giving dates of sessions of the Court of Oyer and Terminer in the witchcraft trials, at variance with Hutchinson, Upham and others. My authority is the documents themselves, on file in the Court House in this city.'

—An uncut copy of the first edition of Smollett's 'Peregrine Pickle' was sold in London the other day for 317. 10s.

—Mascagni has completed the score of a short opera entitled 'Zanetto,' the libretto of which is founded on Coppée's sketch, 'Le Passant.'

—A work by Mr. George G. Napier, 'Homes and Haunts of Lord Tennyson,' will be ready in May. It will contain nineteen full-page plates and seventy-eight engravings in the text. The publishers will be Messrs. Macmillan.

—'Carlyle was much pestered by Americans,' says Sir Gavan Duffy, in *The Contemporary Review*.

Sometimes he was polite to them, sometimes the reverse. As their object was generally to interview him, he got into the habit of uttering, almost as soon as his visitors had settled down, the sort of harangue on some great topic which they expected from him. When he delivered himself of one of these set speeches his conversational manner disappeared, and his language came forth like a douche-bath, in a strong, unbroken stream, while, like the Ancient Mariner, he fixed the spectator with his glittering eye. This foaming torrent was as unlike the ripple of his familiar talk as Niagara to a trout stream. To arrest it was nearly impossible, and he was impatient of interruption, even by way of assent, much more of dissent.

—Miss Hapgood, 9 East 22d Street, has raised \$3714.28 for the starving Russians, to be transmitted to Tolstot; 287. for his wife, and \$21 for his cousin.

—From *Science* we learn that the friends of the late Harry Edwards, the actor, have subscribed \$10,000 and the American Museum of Natural History \$5000 for the purchase of the Edwards Entomological Collection, consisting of more than 350,000 beautiful specimens of insect life. The collection will go to the Museum.

—Dr. David Hayes Agnew, the distinguished Philadelphia surgeon who died last Tuesday, was best known as a writer by his 'Principles and Practice of Surgery,' which has been translated even into Japanese.

—Prof. Leverett W. Spring of Williams College will talk in the April *Atlantic* of 'Literature and the Ministry.'

—In Germany, in 1891, of 18,875 literary productions 1763 belonged to the province of theology, and 1731 to literature proper (novels, poems and dramas).

—Reviewing Mr. Howells's 'Mercy,' *The Athenaeum* asks:—

Why should the author allow an educated young clergyman, presumably a gentleman, to suppose that Suzette 'was willing to be on with young Wilmington,' for example? But then the language of New England is doubtless not the language of the older country, and therefore it is useless to quarrel with whatever tricks it may choose to play with our speech, or whatever graces of expression it is pleased to adopt from the servants' hall.

—Dr. F. G. Slothouwer, a Hollander of remarkable learning and well-known as an historical writer, died at Leeuwarden, Friesland,

on Feb. 26. He was the author of the History of the University of Franeker (an institution suppressed by Napoleon, for its ultra-republican notions, though under the plea of economy, during the French régime at the end of the last century) and of other works, and was a great friend of American scholars.

## The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS

1653.—1. Is Hubert H. Bancroft living or dead? 2. What number of volumes has he written and published? 3. Has any person in modern times performed as much literary labor as he? If yes, please give their name or names. 4. How does he rank as a truthful and painstaking historian? I have 41 vols. of H. H. B.'s works.

C. H. M.

[Mr. Bancroft is still very much alive, and if you address a letter to him at San Francisco, he will doubtless take pleasure in directing one of his many assistant historians to give you full and explicit information as to his fecundity, profundity, veracity and success.]

1654.—On page 410 of 'David Grieve' occur the words 'Lurry' and 'Luryman.' What do they mean?

NEWARK, N. J.

F. W. VAN W.

### ANSWERS

1649.—Bishop Doane's 'Recipe for a Summer Drink' called forth a skit from the homeopaths of which I can remember only these two stanzas:—

If you feel unwell,  
Mind me to the letter,  
Take some calomel,  
The more you take the better.

Neither drink nor feed,  
If you do you'll rue it;  
Blister, purge and bleed,  
That's the way to do it.

There were four stanzas, in all.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A. V. B.

## Publications Received

RECEIPT OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IS ACKNOWLEDGED IN THIS COLUMN. FURTHER NOTICE OF ANY WORK WILL DEPEND UPON ITS INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE. WHEN NO ADDRESS IS GIVEN THE PUBLICATION IS ISSUED IN NEW YORK.]

Adams, O. F. The Presumption of Sex. \$1.	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Anderson, H. C. Bilderbuch ohne Bilder. Ed. by W. Bernhardt. 35c.	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Baldwin, J. Psychology Applied to the Art of Teaching. \$1.50.	F. H. Revell Co.
Bible, F. A. Ed. by F. A. Atkins. 50c.	Boston: J. G. Cupples.
Bowen, H. W. Losing Ground. \$1.25.	Vol. I. Longmans, Green & Co.
Boyd, A. K. H. Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews. Vol. I. Longmans, Green & Co.	Washington: Dept. of Interior.
Census Bulletins. Transportation. Horticulture.	Washington: Dept. of Interior.
Doney, J. O. The Cogito Language.	Washington: Dept. of Interior.
Easter, M. E. Clytie and Other Poems.	Boston: A. J. Philpott & Co.
Fullerton, G. S. Philosophy of Spinoza. \$1.50.	Henry Holt & Co.
Homes and Haunts of Shakespeare. Sec. V. and VI. \$2.50 each.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Howard, B. W., and Sharp, W. A Fellowe and His Wife. \$1.25.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Hunt, G. Fragments of Revolutionary History. \$2.	Brooklyn: Historical Printing Club.
Inglis, Lady. The Siege of Lucknow. \$4.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
In Tent and Bungalow. By an Idle Exile. 50c.	Cassell Pub. Co.
Johnson, V. The Treasure Tower. 50c.	Rand, McNally & Co.
Keene, H. G. Rules of India. Sindhi. 60c.	Macmillan & Co.
Kelley, Mrs. M. A. B. A Volume of Poems.	Boston: J. G. Cupples.
Leffingwell, A. Illegitimacy. 51.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Levett, R., and Davison, C. Elements of Plain Trigonometry. \$1.60.	Macmillan & Co.
MacDonald, G. Diseases of the Nose. \$2.50.	Macmillan & Co.
MacDonald, Marshal. Recollections. Trans. by S. L. Simeon. 2 vols.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
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Manley, R. M. Some Children of Adam. 50c.	Worthington Co.
Mew, J., and Ashton, J. Drunks of the World. \$6.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Moffat, Selected Inventors' Arithmetic Questions.	London: Moffatt & Paige.
Mrs. Leslie, and Mrs. Lennox. 50c.	Cassell Pub. Co.
Peacock, T. L. Misfortunes of Elphin. Ed. by R. Garnett. \$1.	Macmillan & Co.
Pearson, K. Grammar of Science. \$1.25.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Pendleton, C. Easter Song. 51.	E. P. Dutton & Co.
Philosophers. The Two. 50c.	Boston: J. G. Cupples.
Rand, McNally & Co.'s Pocket Maps of Ark., Ariz., Cala., Iowa, Kans., Ky., Texas, Md., and Del. Minn., New Mexico and Utah. 50c. each.	London: Moffatt & Paige.
Robbins, M. C. Rescue of an Old Place. \$1.25.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Souvestre, E. Man and Money. 50c.	Cassell Pub. Co.
Stanton, S. B. The Bering Sea Controversy.	A. B. King.
Strahan, S. A. K. Marriage and Disease.	D. Appleton & Co.
Swan, E. B. The Opal Queen.	Cinn.: Robert Clarke & Co.
White, T. W. Our English Homes. \$2.25.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.

## HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR APRIL

### Walt Whitman.

The Frontispiece is a portrait of WALT WHITMAN, who also contributes a poem, entitled *Death's Valley*, to accompany a full-page engraving of GEORGE INNESS's great painting "The Valley of the Shadow of Death." The portrait is from a painting by J. W. ALEXANDER.

### The Last Days of Shelley.

An article by Signor GUIDO BIAGI, with new documents throwing light upon the cremation of the dead poet, and with portraits of Italians still living who witnessed it.

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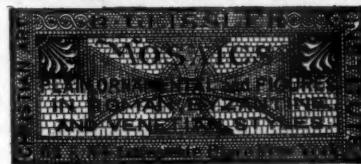
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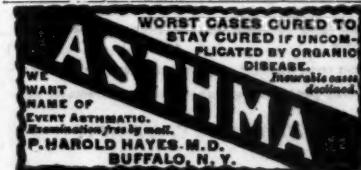
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